

*m. E.*  
*K*

# H I S T O R Y

•  
O F

LADY BETTESWORTH

A N D

CAPTAIN HASTINGS.

---

In a SERIES of LETTERS.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

V O L. I.

---

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for F. NOBLE, in HOLBORN.

M D C C L X X X.



HISTORICAL

LAST BETTERWORTH

BRITAIN HISTORICAL



LONDON  
THE BRITISH MUSEUM  
LONDON

---

THE  
EDITOR  
TO THE  
READER.

A Number of letters from old school-fellows, correspondents of my mother, having, by her death, fallen into my hands, and a variety of incidents which she had been an eye-witness of, and which she had often related to me, having recurred to my memory, I have, as well as my unexperienced capacity would admit, endeavoured to blend the first with the

the latter, and to throw them into a kind of epistolary narrative. And as one of the ladies, who had been one of my mother's most intimate friends, and to whom I have given the title of Lady Bettsworth, had experienced misfortunes of a very peculiar and severe nature, I imagined my laying a recital of them before the public, would be no unacceptable present.

My best, and, I fear, my *only* merit is, that I have followed the originals as close as possible, in point of facts; and that, otherwise, I have not added to, or diminished from them, more than was necessary for the arranging the subject-matter, and uniting the incidents that were to compose the work. Those incidents,  
I have



TO THE READER.

I have authority to say, are all founded in truths; a circumstance but of little moment, I fear, if those truths are ill related, or if, from their unimportance, they should fail to excite the attention of the reader.

It is hoped my inexperience in conducting performances of the kind will plead for this my first attempt, and for presuming to send into the intelligent world a work, unadorned by those ornaments and appendages that are so necessary in compositions of amusement, and without which a CLARISSA would be less entertaining. Why then, it may be reasonably asked, are those ornaments omitted? The answer is easy, and the reader shall have it.—Because I was unable to give them.

“ Nor

“ Nor Pope, nor Congreve, blaz’d out in  
an hour,  
“ The seed must first be sown to raise the  
flow’r.”

This will be thought but a poor defence I am afraid, and I will therefore give a better. My hope then is, that, unembellished as this attempt is, it may, in some measure, deter my own sex from being too precipitate in determining on any event wherein their happiness or misery is concerned, and caution parents from too severely urging their children to form a connection with an object their hearts are averse to. If these effects should follow, I think it will then be granted me, I am entitled to *some* share of praise.

As it is the distinguishing characteristic of **G**entlemen to be indulgent  
to

to the Ladies, I will endeavour to subdue the many anxious fears which are, at this moment, fluttering in my breast, and pleading for the suppression of a work, insignificant as it may appear, that has cost me some pains to compile; and will buoy myself up with the pleasing hope, that, if the aforesaid gentlemen should not think me worthy of their approbation, that they will, for the sake of the motive, not totally condemn me by a sentence of severity, though it should be deemed ever so just.—To the candour of the ladies I implicitly trust for pardon, and am,

With earnest wishes to please,

Their, and the gentlemens,

Most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

E. M.



“ Nor Pope, nor Congreve, blaz’d out in  
an hour,  
“ The seed must first be sown to raise the  
flow’r.”

This will be thought but a poor defence I am afraid, and I will therefore give a better. My hope then is, that, unembellished as this attempt is, it may, in some measure, deter my own sex from being too precipitate in determining on any event wherein their happiness or misery is concerned, and caution parents from too severely urging their children to form a connection with an object their hearts are averse to. If these effects should follow, I think it will then be granted me, I am entitled to *some* share of praise.

As it is the distinguishing characteristic of **G**entlemen to be indulgent  
to

to the Ladies, I will endeavour to subdue the many anxious fears which are, at this moment, fluttering in my breast, and pleading for the suppression of a work, insignificant as it may appear, that has cost me some pains to compile; and will buoy myself up with the pleasing hope, that, if the aforesaid gentlemen should not think me worthy of their approbation, that they will, for the sake of the motive, not totally condemn me by a sentence of severity, though it should be deemed ever so just.—To the candour of the ladies I implicitly trust for pardon, and am,

With earnest wishes to please,

Their, and the gentlemens,

Most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

E. M.

E R R A T A.

Page 2, line 19.

He is an acquaintance of your father.

Read,

He was an acquaintance of your father.

Page 42, line 5.

Though your letter had been introduced to lady Bettsworth, and received with great politeness, she expressed much pleasure at hearing from you now.

Read,

Through your letter was introduced to lady Bettsworth, and received with great politeness, she expressed much pleasure at hearing from you.

Page 176.

Bettsworth Mount.

Read,

Bettsworth Plain.





HISTORY  
OF  
LADY BETTESWORTH  
AND  
CAPTAIN HASTINGS.

MISS AMBRIDGE to Lady BETTESWORTH.

Seamore Park, Sunday Noon.

MY DEAR CASSANDRA,

AFTER an absence of so  
many years, how could I  
hope to be restored to my  
much-loved friend? Yet

that pleasing persuasion has never for-

VOL. I.

B

faken

## 2 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

faken me. Young as I was, when crossing the Atlantic, that tremendous element, though joined by the force of time, has not had strength sufficient to banish your idea from my mind: at all times, and in all situations, you have dwelt unrivalled in my heart.

Thus, my dear, have I nourished that friendship, which, I would fain flatter myself, took its birth from a concord of sentiment, and a similitude of our hearts, and which I should be happy to be assured had still a place in your esteem.

I heard of your being in Kent by mere accident, from a stranger, an American gentleman, who was yesterday introduced to my uncle Seamore: he is an acquaintance of your father. He no sooner mentioned a daughter of  
Sir

Sir John Beaumont being in England, than, like Hurry in the Maid of the Oaks, I thought I should have gone mad with joy, and was impatient to ask the gentleman if he was sure it was my beloved Cassandra Beaumont, that inhabited the seat he mentioned, and if you were married? To the first, he answered in the affirmative; to the latter, he said you was a most blooming, beautiful young widow, but he could not say how long you had been in that state, or in England, as he had not, before last week, seen you for some years past: he was going to proceed; I could hearken no longer, but, like lightning, flew to my room, and eagerly seized the feathered instrument, to congratulate your safe arrival, and to ask many questions, which would merit the name of impertinence, were they



#### 4 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

they not urged by the sincerest regard, and encouraged by that good sense, and winning softness, which is so much the portion of my amiable friend, and which, I persuade myself, will apologize for the freedom I take. Thus flattered into presumption, permit me to ask you, my dear, how you have gone through life, during the long, long time of our separation? I hope, uninterrupted by sickness, and unvexed by disappointments: in short, that all the changes which must have taken place since that time, have been crowned by smiling comforts, and that you will indulge me with a recital of every incident that has attended you from the earliest period. I declare to you, Cassandra, notwithstanding our unlimited intimacy and confidence in each other when at school, my ideas of any of  
your

your family excepting yourself, are almost forgotten. You must have the advantage in that particular; two or three years superiority of age, at that period of life, is a great strengthener to the memory: but, weak as mine then was, it could not forget a friend I loved with so much ardency, nor the promises we made to each other at parting; that no incident of our lives should be uncommunicated, if we were ever fortunate enough to meet again, or should be in a situation to correspond: however, I would not claim the privilege of that engagement, did I not know to confer happiness on others, is the highest pleasure to a generous mind; and from that assurance, I depend on my request being granted. My lips, instead of this letter, would have saluted your fair hand, were not

6 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

all my steps limited by my old gouty uncle, who is still hobbling about, and though I often think it is high time he should be at rest, in one of those solemn, quiet, serene habitations, of which, my poor aunt has been deposited for more than two years past; yet he seems to have no conception of receiving pleasure from *that quarter*. In short, my dear, he is too much attached to the world, and his jolly companions, notwithstanding his being near seventy. However, although I am not to stray beyond the length of his eyes, or gouty crutch, under penalty of forfeiting the yellow pictures contained in his iron chest, yet I can answer a visit from my friend, will give him the greatest satisfaction; and she need not be told, a favour of that sort would make supremely bless'd your Julia. Will you  
indulge



indulge us with your company for a few weeks? Say yes, if not very inconvenient to yourself; and if, which all good angels forbid, there should be any obstacle to deprive us of that felicity, favour me with a line by return of post, and tell me all about yourself.

The last time I had the pleasure of hearing of you, excepting this day, was about two years after my embarking with my uncle and aunt, for Charles Town, South Carolina, and that account was, you were just recovering from the small-pox. All my enquiries since our residence in Suffolk, have been ineffectual. Tell me, without reserve, my dear; do not be ashamed to acknowledge the kind gifts of nature, nor the continuance of them. Did all those budding charms, which

8 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

in early dawn promised so blooming  
a noon, ripen unspotted by that cruel  
invader? It has left no marks of its  
tyrannic sway on the face of your friend;  
but had it robbed me of every feature,  
it could never have changed that heart  
and affection, which will ever be yours,  
whilst

I am,

JULIA AMBRIDGE.

P.S. Take notice, my dear, I never  
mean to change my virgin state. No!  
that I am determined on, in opposition  
to the poet's assertion, —

“ In every state the slave of man,”

or I should have enlarged my privilege  
of

of being attached to you. My poor aunt, who had no great share of conjugal felicity, and who had met with an unworthy object when a girl, has almost made me detest matrimony by her frequent repetition of the following lines ;

“ Behold Constantia, round beset with  
woes,

“ And *Man*, whom least she fears, her  
worst of foes,

“ When kind, most cruel, when obliged  
the most,

“ The least obliging, and by favours lost.”

Well, positively, the men must be an unworthy set of beings, if my aunt's ideas of them do them justice. But let me still nourish the old adage, *No general rule without an exception* ; and hope my friend, however, met with one



man who was all tendernefs, love, and kindnefs. Once more adieu.

*Monday morning.*

What, another Poftscript! Right woman's letter, fays Lady Betteworth. But know, my dear, my brother prohibits this packet from proceeding until to-morrow, though I have been dying for its flight. He intends to be the bearer of it himfelf; and I fuppofe on Thursday you will have at your feet the tender fwain.

I abfolutely believe he has more views in taking this long journey, than merely to be the bearer of his fifters epiftle, nor can it have proceeded from a curiofity which any description might have

have inspired in a stranger, as he perfectly recollects the growing beauties of my friend. But don't blush, Cassandra; you honoured him with your friendship when a child, and why deny him that blessing in maturer years? Believe me, if any man can be deserving your esteem, my amiable brother might claim that privilege. However, I will not enter farther on the subject at this time, but hasten to put an end to this letter, after requesting the favour of one from yourself on his return, descriptive of such particulars which curiosity prompts me to be acquainted with. I do not mean, my dear, that you should exhaust all the pleasing fund at once, by giving me the heads only of your adventures in short hand; no, I wish to be informed of them in the most circumstantial manner.

B. 6

## 12 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

manner. A series of letters, for that purpose, will be affording me the highest entertainment, and lessen your own fatigue in obliging me; for when you have favoured me with one, the whilst you are executing the next, I may, by frequent perusals, engrave the dear contents in my mind, and erect a lasting fountain for pleasing reflection.

The inclosed poem, if it affords you the smallest entertainment, will make happy your friend\*. It is the production of a few leisure moments I experienced the other evening, when my uncle was seized with the megrims, occasioned by too much madeira, a disorder he is much subject to. To avoid the ill-humours which generally

\* The poem is omitted, it being no way essential to the history.

accompany



accompany that complaint, I softly stole to my room, and left him to himself. Poor man, he is so accustomed to those humours, that I fear he will never be happy himself, or pleasing to any one else, 'till he is regenerated, and become a new creature. Well, heaven knows, I sincerely wish him that, or any other change, that will give him peace of mind, and serve to hasten the pleasure I shall feel, when assuring my dear Cassandra, in person, that I love her truly.

L E T-

## 14 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

### LETTER II.

*Lady BETTESWORTH to Miss AMBRIDGE.*

*Bettesworth Mount.*

**I**F there are any joys on earth, resembling those above, they are certainly those we experience when hearing from a long absent friend. My feelings, my dear Julia, on the receipt of your letter, are a proof of it. My eyes devoured every sentence with rapture, whilst my heart bounded at every profession of your esteem, and my pleasure was doubled by so unexpectedly seeing your good brother. I am happy to find *Time*, that diminisher and destroyer of almost every

every impression, has not impaired that place in your friendship, which I ardently wish to preserve. I am apt to believe, friendships, as well as love, formed in early life, are the most lasting; at least, those made in the breast of your friend, will accompany her to the grave.

Certainly, my dear, you have a facility of expression, in a very eminent degree. Had I not been already acquainted with your early genius, I should have concluded, from the ease and elegance of your poem, that you had assuredly taken a sip at Apollo's fountain. It is exceedingly charming; and as a small proof of my gratitude, I will endeavour to obey your command, however painful the recollection of past scenes may prove. But first, let me tell you, you are a  
down-



down-right flatterer, and that I could not help blushing at the unmerited praise you gave me; however, it convinced me of a truth that before was hid from my thoughts; that is, that I am not perfectly free from vanity; for I had no sooner read your flattering epistle, than a secret impulse led me to my glass, to take a view of the remains of those features you had so partially described, when I involuntarily exclaimed, "Where are the traces of all my heart-felt sorrows flown, that they, and time, have left my face unmarked?"

Your request in regard to my unreserved description of myself, and of every thing that concerns me, I am convinced proceeds from esteem, and that will make me the more readily submit

to

to what an impartial eye might look on as the highest arrogance in me. How very different, my dear, have my heart and situation been, for some years past, from that happy time when we parted; blest then, with my parents, and secured from every dejection: but what arose from disappointments of toys, or childish amusements! I vainly flattered myself, all my future days would have glided on, correspondent with that happy period; but, alas! every joy was fleeting as the wind.

Young as I was, you had hardly bade me adieu, when distresses and anxieties rushed upon me, like the encreasing velocity of a descending weight, and almost crushed me with their power. I find, by your letter, you are an entire stranger to the train of misfortunes that have

have assailed myself and family, since your departure for Carolina; nor can it be wondered at, when we reflect on the distance that has separated us.

Your request of being informed of every period of my life, and with the many changes which you say, most probably, have taken place, did not require the force of an agreement to induce me to oblige you, if in my power; but it has urged an employment on me, which, I fear, far exceeds my ability; however, I am encouraged to make the attempt, by a promise, which fancy tells me you this moment aver in my favour — that no eye, but your own, shall see this record of my deficiency, and that you will expect nothing but unadorned truths to flow from my pen. That solemn promise pronounced



nounced by my beloved friend, my fears are vanished, and my unconstrained pen shall do its office.

My father was a captain in his majesty's navy for many years, in which station he acquired universal approbation, both from his king and country. My mother was an American, and celebrated equally for her external as mental accomplishments. Absolutely, Julia, she was what the world justly calls a beauty. My father and herself were perfect patterns of mutual love. The first incident I can remember of any importance that took place, after my removal from Mount Belvidere\*, was my father's going out to sea, in order to visit a neighbouring colony, in whose harbour some of the ships,

\* The School.

under his command, were stationed. A few weeks after he sailed, an account arrived of his having met with a hurricane, in which his ship had unfortunately foundered. My father's loss was considerable: his side-board of plate, &c. was estimated at two thousand pounds; and he got on shore with only a few guineas in his pocket.

This news was soon spread by the wings of swiftness, and represented with all the horrors that attended his escape. Our grief on the occasion cannot be described. As to my dear mother, her heart panted with a thousand fears, and nothing could equal her distress, except the joy she expressed, when convinced my father was safe. In the confusion and hurry of her spirits, she had concluded he was no more.

Soon

Soon after, we received a letter from him, with a minute relation of the shocking disaster. The description of it, and alarming idea her fancy had formed of the dangers my father had struggled with, almost deprived her of life, and robbed her of an appellation which, before, might properly have been applied to her, that of a chearful christian. My father told her the ternado had been so violent, that their preservation was almost miraculous, as no boat could venture to their assistance; and the very few that escaped, were preserved by the vigilance and compassion of the soldiers on shore, who humanely lashed themselves to ropes, that were fastened to the beach, and thus secured, ventured to encounter the angry waves, in order to offer assistance to those who should have the good fortune to come within



within the reach of their protecting arms. Some few were happily saved, but the greater number were unfortunately buried in the bosom of the ocean. The fate of one in particular, was peculiarly dreadful. Just as those benevolent sons of Mars were going to take hold of him, he was seized by a devouring shark, which instantly bore him down the stream, and robbed a tender wife, and seven helpless children of an indulging protector.

After this recital, my mother seemed dead to every invitation of pleasure. As for my young heart, it lost all disagreeable ideas, in the pleasing assurance we had of my father's safety, and I had not a pain, except for what he might personally have suffered, and those I soon dissipated in the gay scenes

scenes that daily presented themselves. Being so lately come from school, I was quite delighted with being permitted to accompany my sister to public amusements, she being several years older than myself. You have seen Matilda, but must have an imperfect idea of what she really is, as every day has added to the beauties of her mind, and improved those of her person; and at this time, my amiable sister is celebrated as a most lovely, as well as most accomplished woman.

The first public ball I was permitted to go to, was given by the governor. Unimportant as this may appear, it was the source of much disquietude to me. That event was the chain, which linked my heart for ever to corroding grief. It was at the ball my inexperienced breast  
first

first felt the pleasure and pain of tumultuous love. O! my friend, what cruel havock does that blind deity make! It requires more than all our fortitude to repel his force, and when once admitted, he reigns with tyrannic sway. It was there I first saw the person who has since, innocently, caused me much affliction. Indeed, my dear, I should blush to acknowledge I could feel a prepossession of this soft nature at so early a time of life, were it not a general remark, that the transition from childhood to maturity, with American females, is very quick, and the advances to old age as rapid. Our spring of life is early and short, our winter sudden and long. By this mode of reasoning, you will conclude me an old woman; and so, my dear, I am, in affliction at least; for memory will ever wound



wound my mind, and damp the approach of every joy. I am now, Julia, absolutely at a loss how to proceed, and did not politeness demand it, and were it not in some measure to confirm the good opinion you are pleased to entertain of my wish to oblige you, I should this moment throw down my pen, and determine never more to attempt what is so little in my power to execute. In truth, I have no words that can express the foolish flutterings of my then little heart.

For the arrival of that fatal evening, the week before the ball, nothing could equal my impatience. A thousand times I looked at my pink and silver robe, and as often admired a pair of bracelets, which my godmother had given me for the occasion. One of them was

a portrait of herself, the other of her daughter. They were both inclosed in a double row of brilliants, and did not fail to attract admiration; as you may be assured, pride placed them outside my gloves. My mother was quite provoked, yet could not help laughing at my folly. It was impossible to keep me one moment from the glass, after I had seen the small diamond sprig and black feather, placed in my hair. My sister intreated I might be indulged in my admiration of myself, before I accompanied her in public; as she was sure, if I was not, that my behaviour would render me ridiculous, as my attention would entirely be engrossed in contemplating my own person and finery. After the important business of embellishing my charms was finished, my  
maid,

maid, to swell my vanity still more, told me, my light auburn hair, without powder, added much to the brilliancy of my diamond sprig; and lovely as my sister was, I surpassed her in beauty, elegance, and dress: hers was a peach blossom, spangled with silver. When we entered the ball room, my consequence was much increased in my own opinion, by hearing so many encomiums on me, and the word Angelic, often added to my name. As I was ever a favourite with the governor, he did me the honour to dance a minuet with me. At ten o'clock, an aid-de-camp acquainted his excellency, that an officer had just arrived with dispatches. The governor soon after introduced the stranger to the company: when he entered the room,



every eye was fixed upon him, and a smile of approbation went through the whole circle. He had just entered into his seventeenth year, but his manly appearance bespoke him older. His dress was quite *militaire*, a thousand graces breathed in his form, and his face was lovely beyond conception.

“ In each sweet smile, ten thousand cupids lay,

“ To charm the soul, and steal the heart away.”

I suppose, before this time, Julia, you have set the noble youth down as in possession of my heart; and can you blame me for loving so much merit? Be assured I have not exaggerated his worth, nor even done him justice. It is impossible I should, unless my attachments were weaker, then I could  
praise

praise him more. It would have made the most amiable of our sex proud to have been distinguished by him; no wonder then a blush of vanity overspread my face, when the governor gave me up to him as a partner, and with this compliment; that although I was a very young lady, yet I was the handsomest in the room. I do not recollect what answer captain Hastings made, for that was the young gentleman's name; but his eyes expressed the greatest pleasure, and he seemed eager to seize every occasion of making himself agreeable to me. As he led me to my father's carriage, he pressed my hand to his lips, and softly whispered, "You have robbed me of my heart."

And now, Julia, I am afraid I have robbed you of all patience; but re-

member your commands are to be minute : so to proceed.

My sister's appearance prevented him saying more, the carriage drove off; and when I got home, instead of entertaining my mother and Matilda with my remarks on the ball, as they expected, I sat silent; I was lost in the prevailing pulsation of my breast, which would admit of no other idea, but that of the amiable exteriors of my partner, and of the many pleasing things he had said to me.

A few days after, a large party dined at our house, captain Hastings making one of the guests. If possible, he appeared more lovely than when I first saw him. He seemed to regard my sister with particular  
atten-



attention; I could not submit to the obvious partiality I thought he paid to her: a swell of tender resentment rose in my bosom, and a burst of tears flew from my eyes, which alarmed the company. My mother, supposing me indisposed, enquired into my pain; I answered, I should be better presently, and so I was; for the anxiety captain Hastings evinced, gave balm to my agitated spirits, and hushed me into peace. He must have suspected from whence my sorrows sprung, as I saw him immediately after, writing with a pencil at the window. He presently stole an opportunity of dropping the following lines into my lap:

"With thee alone, and only thee I'd  
live,

"It's all I ask, and all that Heav'n can  
give;

"No other object can admittance find,

"Whilst your dear bright ideas fill my  
mind."

How truly childish and ridiculous  
must I have appeared at that time!  
I cannot reflect on it with any  
degree of patience. But to my  
story.

I had read those lines before, but  
never with half the pleasure I then  
did. The author's name I am un-  
acquainted with.

The card tables were set, captain  
Hastings declined playing, saying, he  
should

should be obliged to take leave in a few moments, to attend roll-call. This relieved him from farther importunings. The company joined in dear quadrille, which they all seemed doatingly fond of, except my mother, who never played from inclination. Captain Hastings, Matilda, and your friend, withdrew into another apartment, when my sister obliged us with a *ture* or two on the harpsichord, and after much solicitation, warbled forth, "Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear." Just as she had arrived at that expressive part, "believe the heart you've won," she was called out of the room. My lover seized the opportunity, and declared his passion for me. I coloured, looked simple, and received his declaration with all the bashfulness and confusion which are generally attend-



ants on a first interview of this nature, and which was natural to a girl of my young years, though I sincerely rejoiced at the conquest I had made. Matilda returned, finished her chanting, and captain Hastings was next to oblige us. The song he pitched on was exceedingly applicable to the first time he saw me, and the expression of his fine eyes plainly said, he wished I would apply them, and suppose them his own sentiments. I do not perfectly recollect all the words, but the following are a part :

When first I saw, the graceful move,

Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast!

Say, soft confusion, art thou love?

If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,  
Those gentle eyes did first create,  
And tho' you cannot love again,  
In pity, ah ! forbear to hate.

Shortly after captain Hastings was ordered to join his regiment, which was then at Montreal, in Canada. He took leave, assuring me, the impression I had fixed in his heart, should never be banished by any other object, nor diminished by time ; and hoped a few months would restore to him the blessing he was then going to lose.

The happiness this pleasing assurance gave me, was but of short duration. It seemed as if contentment had taken its flight, and that fate was determined at once to exhaust all her quiver of wretchedness on us.

36 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

Here, my dear Julia, I will leave you for the present ; but be assured of another scrawl, as soon as I can arrange my ideas in proper order to proceed, and that

I am,

With sincere attachment,

C. BETTESWORTH.

P. S. Your brother's not depriving us of his company, so soon as you expected, induces me to trust this to the post. Don't let the intelligence call up a smile at my expence, nor tempt you again to repeat, " At your feet the tender swain." I am determined, as you say, never more to be the slave of man ; as the only one that could tempt  
me



me to wear chains, is not in a situation to offer them. How much would it have added to my happiness, had you been permitted to have accompanied your brother ! The accepting your kind invitation, would be exceedingly pleasing ; but I am, at this time, engaged in matters which call for my attention at Bettsworth Mount. My respects and thanks attend your uncle. Mr. Ambridge is now writing to you. The inclosed letter I a few days ago received from my dear little nephew. He is, as you will find by his epistle, in France. I am proud of the boy, and flatter myself his letter will afford you some entertainment.

L E T-

38 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

LETTER III.

*Master LOVEMORE to Lady BETTESWORTH.*

*Paris.*

DEAR MADAM,

THE reason of my last being so short, was owing entirely to a mistake: we thought the post went out sooner than it did, but mean to make amends by this. I think I had just got to Lisle, an exceeding pretty town. The great square is about as large as Covent Garden. Most of the churches are worth seeing: in one of which, there is a very rich pulpit; and the cathedral is remarkable for some fine paintings.

paintings. There is also a chapel, which we went to see, where service is performed by the nuns. As soon as it was over, four of the fattest began ringing the bells. The play-house is not so good as the one at Calais. We dined both days we were there with a Mr. Williams, a gentleman of Mr. Dermot's acquaintance, an agreeable polite man. We also saw the host carried in public procession. I parted from my uncle at Lisle, to proceed on my tour, and got to Douay, a large, but poor town, to dinner. Cambray, where we slept, is a small city, but there are pleasant walks outside it. The church of St. Sepulchre is an exceeding fine one; and remarkable for some paintings, in imitation of sculpture, extremely well executed. The church of the jesuits, turned since their  
expul-



expulsion into a school, seemed very elegant; but I did not see the inside of it. The cathedral is also a fine building, the pillars of which are richly ornamented with marble figures. The steeple is amazingly beautiful, being a kind of fretwork. There was nothing more worth remarking (as I suppose you have seen my letter to miss Grenville) till we got to Paris, which is a very nasty, dirty place, and has as yet been extremely disagreeable to me, as Mr. Dermot has been much indisposed, but is now getting better. I long, exceedingly, to hear from my dear father and mother, from whom I have been daily in expectation of receiving letters. I have this moment, my dear aunt, received your favour, dated the second instant. It made me happy, as every proof of your affections

tions will ever be attended with that consequence.

I find you have even anticipated my thoughts, both in regard to the books you send me, and recommend for my perusal, as I should have desired lord Chesterfield's Letters, and those of Pliny. I should be much obliged to you if you would send me the latter, as in general Latin books are printed better in England than here. My love attends miss Grenville,

And I am,

With duty,

Dear madam,

Your most affectionate nephew,

HERBERT LOVEMORE.

LETTER IV.

EDWARD AMERIDGE, *Esq;* to Miss AM-  
BRIDGE.

*Bettesworth Mount.*

MY DEAR JULIA,

**I** SLEPT on the road the first and second night after I left Seamore Park; and on the third, at eight o'clock in the evening, arrived at the Mount. Though your letter had been introduced to lady Bettesworth, and received with great politeness, she expressed much pleasure at hearing from you now.

How



How shall I, Julia, execute the promise you extorted from me? It is absolutely impossible, my pen can never aspire so high as at a description of that lovely woman; for, "Is she not more than painting can express, or youthful poets fancy when they love?" She is, indeed, Julia. The moment I saw her, I became her captive. She had been indisposed, and was sitting in a large dressing-room; the furniture and ornaments of which proved the elegance of her taste. Her ladyship had been diverting two beautiful children with her guitar: the instrument was in her hand when I entered, and the smiling cherubs fondling on her. They are not her own (she has no children) but a neighbouring lady's. Her dress was carelessly elegant: a morning robe or jam with a flowing train,

train, trimmed with blond. A large cap concealed part of her beautiful face, but left unveiled enough to destroy the peace of your brother, as her positive commands are (and that on forfeiture of my never seeing her more) that I do not mention a tenderer sentiment to her, than that of friendship. This command was softened by the delicacy of good breeding, though delivered with all the dignity and firmness of a Roman portia. It is a cruel one, yet it would be death to disobey it; for so much do I value her good opinion, that I could not live totally deprived of her esteem.

At ten, supper was served; her ladyship, her chaplain, and a miss Grenville, who is a distant relation of lady Bettesworth, and your humble servant,  
 chatted

chatted 'till twelve. I was then shewn to my chamber, where I ran over in idea all the beauties of your lovely friend, and then sunk away in pleasing dreams, and lost myself in love.

Lady Bettsworth is exceedingly lively and agreeable; has all the bloom of Hebe : yet I have several times observed pearly drops stealing from her enchanting eyes. She seems determined to perpetuate the remembrance of her father, by keeping a continual memento before her. The upper end of her dressing room is formed into a kind of arch, over the front of which is drawn up, in the festoon fashion, a very fine chintz curtain, the same as the furniture, and as those at the windows, which are lined with a pale pink sarcenet, and trimmed with silk fringe.

Inside



Inside the arch are five elegant figures wrought in beautiful white marble, as large as life. They are designed as representations of her father, herself, two sisters, and her brother. The first is seated in an easy chair, supposed to be dying; lady Bettsworth supporting him in her arms, whilst her lovely eyes appear to be flowing with tears; the three latter personages kneeling by him, lost in sorrow. This passion for abbey ornaments is very droll, and I think rather romantic, but am sure affection is her motive to it. I declare to you, Julia, my not being prepared to see a representation of so solemn a nature, I was quite startled at the first view. Those marble statues were modelled from small miniature pictures, which she, after my observing those typographical figures in the arch, recommended

to my notice. They are a strong resemblance in every feature ; nay, a striking likeness. Amongst many other resemblances, which lady Bettelworth had in her cabinet, was a portrait of a captain Hastings, the most beautiful form I ever beheld. She said it was a relations, but a tender dejection, which that moment overspread her lovely face, and a tear, which stood quivering for vent, plainly assured me, she was attached to the original, by ties of a different nature to those of affinity only. This thought froze my before faint anticipated success ; for, notwithstanding her petryfying command, fancy would now and then, form a hope. In the same room, is a full length portrait of her father, &c. the picture almost covers one side of the apartment. He is drawn standing  
near,

near, or rather carelessly leaning against a cannon, an optic glass in his hand, and he seems to be observing a large man of war, which appears to be sailing towards him. I never saw a ship so well represented. It was drawn for a seventy-four, a ship he commanded at the time of his sitting for the picture.

The prospect from the mount is exceedingly pleasing. The eminence commands a number of different objects, both of land and sea, which makes it really amazingly beautiful. I have been employed all this morning in observing many ships gliding along the main, others crossing the harbour, and many others coming to anchor. Such a retreat, with the affections of the lovely goddess who inhabits it, would



would render bliss supreme. Oh, heavens, why did I gaze to be undone! I must certainly fly from this place of enchantment, or never again flatter myself with regained peace of mind; therefore, be assured you will shortly see your Edward, sooner, perhaps, than you expect. Every day has offered some new amusement, but really, Julia, my heart is dead to every invitation of pleasure, and will remain so; unless lady Bettsworth will smile joy into my soul, and that I despair of. Don't expect me to be minute at this time, a verbal relation is much easier than one which flows from pen and ink; therefore, patience, my dear sister, until we meet. Only let me tell you, yesterday evening several gentlemen, and myself, had the honour of attending lady Bettsworth, and

four other ladies of her acquaintance, to a consort. On our return, we were entertained with a cold collation, which was prepared for us in the large saloon. In attempting a description of the room, I am afraid I shall wrong its elegance. The pannels of it, as well as the doors are of glass, the cornishes, and mouldings, &c. fretted, and gilt; the furniture, white satin, with gold fringe. The brilliancy of this spacious apartment, was much added to by the illumination of three chandeliers of most beautiful white paste; it was really dazzling. The painting of the ceiling is almost life itself, there is so much expression in every stroke of the pencil. The story is, Palladium, falling from heaven into Troy. The marble hearth, coaling, and chimney piece, are most superb: the latter is elegantly wrought;

it

it represents Pales, with her shepherds, and cattle. In this delightful room, I could contemplate every beauty of lady Bettefworth's face and person, without appearing to do so; but, alas! what did that indulgence avail me! the very source from whence I strove to receive pleasure, but added to my unhappiness, and more firmly fixed *that* idea, which before had taken too sure a hold of my heart.

Heaven bless you, my Julia, assure your guardian of my sincere affection, and tell yourself, you are no less dear to me than you ought to be, and that I am, with every wish

For your felicity,

EDWARD AMBRIDGE.

D 2

P. S.



P. S. I could not help hinting my surprize, that lady Bettsworth should prefer having those emblems of sorrow in her dressing room, when she has an exceeding handsome chapel, a more proper place, in my opinion; but her reason for this preference is, the wish to have a continual remembrance of her dear father before her. This was her reply, in answer to my impertinent curiosity; and she further added, it was for want of thought, that the curtain was not let down before I entered, as she seldom had it up, unless quite alone. Once more adieu.

L E T-

## LETTER V.

*Miss AMBRIDGE, to Lady BETTESWORTH.*

*Seamore Park, Thursday Morning.*

I Received your dear letter with joy, but to say what pleasure, and what pain it has given me, is impossible; and can only be conceived by a heart like your own, which takes an interest in every thing that concerns your friends. You were before, strongly imprinted in my memory, but ever since, have engrossed both my waking

D 3

and

and sleeping thoughts. I one moment pity you for the troubles you seem to have experienced, and the next, condemn you for not concluding your favour with that kind assurance your amiable admirer gave you at parting. I should then have anticipated nothing but pleasure 'till I heard from you again; but that cruel addition, "Fate seemed to have extended her wings, &c." has distressed me exceedingly; and though I long to know, yet I dread to hear the expansion of his severities; but will hope whatever they may have been, they have long before this taken flight, as the gentleman, I mentioned in my last, assures me you look cheerful and happy.

What a sweet Adonis, Cassandra, have you described that dear Hastings!

O where



O where are all my resolutions now? vanished and gone, as though they ne'er had been. I am half in love with him, from your description. How exceedingly clever, my dear, you are! You can absolutely give form to fancy, for I shall never lose his idea. Do you think there are any such god-like beings in this part of the world? If there are, and I should ever be fortunate enough to make a conquest of one, you must excuse my receding from my late promise, and allow me to sing. I am a maid that would marry; for indeed, Cassandra, I positively believe it would be impossible to reject the overtures of so lovely a youth.

I am much disappointed in not having the happiness of seeing you

as I had flattered myself I should, but hope, when those matters which now call for your attention are compleated or removed, that you will indulge us with your presence. My uncle, with all the dignity of an old fat man in a flannel gown, wheeling about in an old gouty chair, echos this request.

So I find your ladyship made a captive of my poor brother, the moment he entered your dressing-room, and that he is to be returned to us in fetters. How can you be so cruel, my friend? But I will not extend my chastisement with too much severity, 'till I know your reasons for so unkind a resolution.

What an elegant description has my brother given me of Bettsworth Mount!

Mount! Positively, my dear, were I mistress of such a habitation, I should sit and contemplate it, as Jessica did the stars, "From morn 'till noon, from noon 'till night." Ever since I read his letter, my thoughts have been wholly taken up with the beauties of that delightful place.

My sincere affections attend the captive. Permit me, my dear Cassandra, to request you will do me the honour to deliver them. I should have wrote to him, but cannot steal a moment for that purpose; for when my poor uncle is not pleased, which is often the case, I am to sit and hear his complaints; and when sun-shine beams upon his brow, and gives a serenity to his eyes, I am to read to him till mine are blind. Were this not the case, I should



have intruded a little longer at this time on your patience. I know your ladyship is a great advocate for duty being paid where it is due, therefore fear you will condemn me for thus exposing the foibles of my guardian. I do not mean to deprive him of the smallest part of your esteem, but to make you acquainted with my situation, and if I should not be so punctual in acknowledging your favours, you may know the preventative; for he is really not a bad man, though very peevish, and those imperfections of nature I bear with as much patience as any poor damsel could. Don't forget soon to lead me out of that perplexity which fate, has plunged me into.

A rap at the door occasioned this large blot; excuse it, I am this moment

ment summoned to exhibit in the before-mentioned task, which obliges me to conclude with intreating you will continue to honour me with your love and friendship, and pardon any improper liberty taken by the pen of

Your faithful

JULIA AMBRIDGE.

P. S. When you write to your amiable sisters, and brother, tell them, your friend lives, and sincerely loves them. Your nephew's letter presented much pleasure to me. I hope I shall one day or other have the happiness of seeing its lovely writer.

LETTER VI.

*Miss AMBRIDGE, to Lady BETTESWORTH.*

*Seamore Park, Monday Noon.*

MY DEAR CASSANDRA,

**N**Otwithstanding I wrote so lately, yet I again take up my pen, as a gentleman, a neighbour of yours, offers to be the bearer of this.

Four days since, we received a letter from town acquainting us, my aunt Hamilton was so much indisposed, that her life was despaired of.

However,



However, I will flatter myself, that the fears, and affection of her friends and domestics, have exaggerated her danger; she has made her will in favour of my brother, and your Julia. Pleasing, as this circumstance would be to many young men, to him it would be a source of grief and pain, as he cannot have it, but on the severe terms, of resigning to the grave a person he dutifully loves. He has ever had an affection for my dear aunt, and she really merits it. Besides, I have often heard him declare, he wished for no increase of fortune. The two thousand pounds a year which devolved to him on the death of my dear father, being sufficient to answer every purpose in that sphere of life he wished to move in. And I really believe him; for though young, gay,  
and

and generous, yet he is far from extravagant. My brother's sentiments and conduct are exactly pictured in the following lines, and, though not my own, are truly descriptive of his character.

"Kind to the poor, not to the rich a  
slave,

"Gay, but not light, humane, yet strictly  
brave ;

"Whose just oeconomy, and social sense,

"Create a dignity from competence."

Since I wrote the above we received another letter, mentioning my aunt's being something better, but far from being entirely restored. I wish much to see the dear woman, but that is as much impossible, as it is for me to proceed at this time in the scribbling way, as orders are come for me to attend

attend my uncle. The history of England is to be the amusement of the evening. How sick I am of reading! But, I must go. Adieu, my friend.

I am again arrived at my room, and mean not to visit my pillow till I have concluded my letter. It is now half past twelve o'clock, and I have not been a quarter of an hour relieved from the performance of my task, during which the sleepy goddess Brizo several times flirled her dusty apron across my eyes, and had like to have blinded me, but I was obliged to parry off the effects, and persevere till good Somnus interposed in my behalf, and hushed my old guardy to rest. I can no longer keep from the downy bed. Adieu my dear. This scrawl is almost the work of a dream; for I am  
half

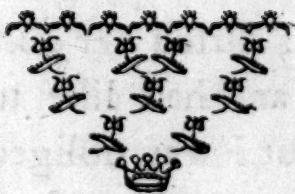


64 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

half a sleep. My love to my brother,  
and believe me, sleeping or waking,  
always.

Your affectionate

JULIA AMBRIDGE.



L E T.

## LETTER VII.

LADY BETTESWORTH, to Miss AMBRIDGE,

*Bettesworth Mount, Friday.*

YOU will, my dear, receive this packet by the hand of your good brother, who unheedful of our intreaties for a longer continuance of his visit, flies from us to-morrow. Intreaties refused, I hope you'll allow, does not announce despotic sway.

Really, Julia, you are downright

fa-

fatirical. Chains, fetters, and captive ! I am half angry with you, and shall be quite so, unless your next acknowledges the injustice of your suspicions. My wished for motto is, freedom and liberty, therefore, be assured, I keep no slaves about me, and that your brother, leaves Bettsworth Mount, unlinked by any of those corroding misfortunes, which your pretty imagination had planned for him. How much obliged to you he is ! Sure, his acknowledgements, at least, are due : and as an expression of mine, for the cruelty you suppose my heart capable of, permit me to enter immediately on the plaintive theme began in my former.

A short time after the departure of my lover, my dear mother was  
thrown



thrown from her horse, and, shocking to reflection, brought home lifeless. At the time this accident happened, my father was in England. When the melancholy news reached him, he heard it with that horror, which was due to so irreparable a loss, and with a pain which none but those who love, can feel.

The evening my mother was interred, which was not 'till nine days after her decease, my brother, and Nancy, the oldest of whom had not seen ten years, were sent into the country. Matilda, and myself, were removed to Mr. G—s a relation of my mother, a gentleman whose heart was formed to sympathise with the unhappy, and to brighten the sorrows of the afflicted. Under his protection, we  
might,

might, no doubt, in time, have forgotten part of our distresses, if not the whole; had he not a few months before, married a lady for her beauty only. To make use of a favourite author's words, "Her tongue often lost those hearts her eyes had won!" How wretched, my dear, is a union formed on so slender a basis, as exterior charms only! Her husband was disgusted, her servants dissatisfied: in short, it was a house where smiling content never entered. In this situation we dragged on four months, at the expiration of which, my father sent orders for Matilda, and myself, to embark for England, he being in a bad state of health. It was late in the season when we took shipping; we had no passengers on board but one lady, whom I do not remember to have ever got out of her

her bed, during a voyage of seven weeks; and to add to our misfortune, we had continual storms on our passage. When we reached the channel, we thought ourselves several times in immediate danger, our ship being not the best in the world, and but badly manned. She was loaded with tar, some of the barrels burst, and, as the sailors term it, the pumps choaked; and our vessel was very leaky. In this situation we arrived at Blackwall, in a gale of wind, bounced along side an Indiaman, and tore away some of her carved work, &c. and our own vessel received infinite damage. The gentleman belonging to the ship we had injured, was exceedingly displeased at the accident, and made no ceremony of leaping into our vessel, abusing the captain,



tain, threatening to cut our cables, and turn us a drift. The noise echoed through every part of our little territory. My sister, and self, were soon crying on deck. Beauty has a powerful effect, even on the most obdurate. Matilda's appearance soon disarmed those gentlemen of their rigour; they were all politeness; sent us presents on board, and gave us an invitation to dinner; but my uncle's coming to escort us on shore, made an apology necessary. On our arrival, we found my father's health much restored, but time had not weakened his affection, or his grief for the loss of my dear mother. The sight of his children, whom he had not seen since her death, awakened every tender feeling, and we were doubly dear to him. Indeed, Julia, my dear parent's whole  
atten-

attention was ingrossed to make us happy. Ought I not for ever to love and revere his memory? Yes, when I forget his indulgence — I must forget myself. — But here my toilet calls. Adieu.

*Friday Evening, Seven o'Clock.*

That necessary visit is over, dinner concluded, and your friend re-seated to continue the thread of her long story.

Nothing material happened during our stay in England, which was no longer than 'till my father got a ship. In the mean time we visited all the public

public places of entertainment. Ranelagh was our favourite amusement. My sister was distinguished by the appellation of the beautiful American. As to myself, young as I then was, I had many admirers, but none of them had persuasion enough to eradicate the sentiments I felt in favour of captain Hastings. The recollection of those charms, which at first sight had gained such influence over me, I nourished with a miser's fondness; and though improbable as it was, that we should ever meet again, yet his idea was ever present in my mind; and kingdoms, without the dear hope of one day being his, would have been trifling, and insufficient to my happiness; as I then believed, and do still, that there can be none without him.

My



My father soon received orders to proceed to Portsmouth with his ship; he was immediately to return, have the honour of knighthood conferred on him, and be made acquainted with his majesty's farther commands. After those events had taken place, we put ourselves under the protection of Neptune; and an agreeable passage of six weeks glided us to the wish'd-for port of America. In the town of N—— we took a house. Felicity again blest our days and nights, and all our moments were cemented by chearful happiness; 'till captain Lovemore, a gentleman of fortune, who was at that time aid-de-camp to general D——, interrupted that happiness by his addresses to my sister. My father, as it was an advantageous offer, could make no objections to his visits; but when captain

Lovemore requested a day might be named to crown his felicity, my father wavoured, and could not reconcile the thought of parting with a daughter he loved with so much tenderness, and who long had contributed to make home so agreeable to him. He gave no reason for so extraordinary a transition, but commanded Matilda never to correspond with, or see captain Lovemore again. She knowing my father's temper, thought remonstrance would but irritate him, and might for ever deprive her of an object who was in possession of her heart; she therefore was silent, 'till an opportunity offered; when she flew to colonel E—s, an acquaintance of captain Lovemore, where an indissoluble union cemented their happiness. After a few ask-pardons, &c.

a re-

a reconciliation took place, and fortune again, for a short time, smiled propitious on all our wishes; but that, like every other blessing, evaporated.

My sister had not long been married, when I was seized with the small-pox. It was a favourable sort, yet I continued weak for some time. My dear parent was never from my bedside, and incessantly importuning heaven to restore to me that health which my indisposition had robbed me of. His prayers were granted; but alas! how much more happy should I have been, if, instead of restoring health, the grave had received me! I had no sooner recovered, than I was presented with a new mother; and there ended all my



felicity. She was the most imperious and extravagant of her sex; yet her dissembled mildness might have deceived the most suspicious. My sister Lovemore, who disapproved the match, refused to visit her. On this refusal, there was no intercourse for some months between the two families; and whenever I saw my beloved sister, it was at the hazard of my father's highest displeasure, and of being made wretched by the arrogance of my step-mother. At that time, there was a captain in his majesty's navy, paying great attention to her, in hopes of procuring her influence over me, in order to my admitting his visits as a lover. But he was too worthy a man for her to interfere in his behalf.

Pleasing,

Pleasing, Julia, as beauty generally is to our sex, and vain of it as I had been before, yet I can truly aver, it then gave me no pleasure, but in proportion as it might recommend me to my Hastings, should we ever meet again. My heart was formed for him alone, every other object was then, and ever will be perfectly indifferent to your Cassandra. I wanted but four months of being sixteen years of age, when the dear youth returned. My little heart panted; the radiant picture, drawn by hope, again started into ideal existence; and I could not have added another wish to the happiness his return had crowned me with, but that for the continuance of it. He renewed his former addresses. The interval that had deprived me of all I

78 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

loved, had added to those beauties and accomplishments which before had won my very soul; and his mind blazed with every virtue. As Marcia says of Juba, "He to all the bravery of a hero, added softest love, and more than female sweetness."

He wrote to my father, requesting permission to visit me, and approbation to our future union. To his proposals my father readily acquiesced, and Hymen was preparing to give sanction to our vows; and we, thought "the days of sorrow would return no more:" but alas, my dear, how weak is the veil that separates felicity from woe! We were no sooner exulting in the fond hope of living for each other, than my father's resolutions, were baffled by the  
cruel



cruel caprice of my step-mother, who, to prove her power, wished to render me miserable. I was commanded never more to see, or think if possible, on the beloved object.

It is a just observation, I believe, that men bear disappointments with less fortitude than women, agreeable to the poet

“ Tho’ soft their make, tho’ delicate their  
“ sex,

“ They bear affliction with heroic strength;

“ While man oft skinks beneath the op-  
“ pressive weight.”

Captain Hastings was like one deprived of reason, he became almost frantic, vowed he would plunge a sword into the breasts of those who

80 HISTORY OF LADY BETTESWORTH

had planted the sharpest daggers in his own bosom. But then—would it not destroy the peace of her he loved? In this manner did he rave.

Those only who have experienced the pangs of sincere affection, crossed and disappointed by wayward fate, can form an adequate idea of the shock I felt; and the influence which such a separation must have had over me. My senses almost forsook me, and life seemed on the wing to take its flight for ever; yet, an innate awe and respect for my parent, kept silent my distresses, though I then felt, and even now feel them with the bitterest anguish, as the poet justly describes it;

“ So

“ So dawn’d my fate, and so deceived  
my heart;

“ Nor wean’d me from my hopes, but  
cruelly tore,

“ In one unlook’d-for moment, bade me  
part

“ From all my comforts, to return no  
more.

Alas! my friend, what wounds and racks have not my poor bosom sustained! But I will suppress reflection, and proceed to tell you, a short time after, I was addressed by another officer, a Sir Martin Bettesworth, an acquaintance of my mother’s. He was half a fool, with a disagreeable mind, and person, a wretch who pursued folly through her ever-varying circle. My mother was (for I have not



yet finished her portrait) vociferous, and artful, yet ignorant in every thing but mischief, imperious and satirical, would smile, without being pleased, caress with malice, and fawn without affection; and notwithstanding her often giving striking proofs of her little regard to truth, yet my father was blinded by the veil of her hypocrisy; and she gained such an ascendancy over him, that her approbation was decisive on all occasions. To have expostulated with him, would have been in vain: paternal influence I could not long contend with, and I admitted Sir Martin's visits, flattering myself, I should have time to plan some scheme whereby I might extricate myself from a connection I dreaded more than death. This hope might probably have proved successful, had not  
a let-

a letter, which captain Hastings's passion dictated, fallen into my mother's hands.

I was one morning in my dressing-room, when my maid entered, and not suspecting any one was with me, she exclaimed, miss, I have a letter for you from captain Hastings. My mother was looking over some books in my closet, from whence she rushed out, and seized the letter, just as the maid was taking it from her bosom. I trembled, and anticipated the consequence, which soon after took place. The day for making me miserable was immediately fixed on, and the disagreeable Sir Martin was to be my lot. I remarked to my mother his want of understanding; and that the only proof he gave of his having any sense at all,

was, his being almost totally silent when alone with me. By thus describing his silence, I meant no compliment to his understanding, though she, with her killing cynical look, was pleased to construe it into one; and said, she was happy, *that* had recommended him to me, and urged, that men of sense, were the greatest fools when in love; and she repeated the following lines in favour of his stupidity.

- “ Silence in love denotes more woe
- “ Than words tho’ ne’er so witty;
- “ The beggar that is dumb, you know,
- “ Deserves a double pity.”

It would be impossible, Julia, to paint the abhorrence I that moment felt



felt for this worst of women. My cheeks glowed with a crimson resentment, and my whole deportment announced the contempt of my soul. I left the room muttering, that fools were happy in feeling no pain or remorse for the distresses they brought on others. Whether she applied what I said to her own, or to Sir Martin's account, I cannot determine; but one of her disagreeable long looks, and chilling frowns, plainly told me, how little effect my intreaties would have, and that she meant to hurry my father into a repetition of his former commands. My conjectures were soon confirmed, by the infringement of my liberty. Captain Hastings, finding my fate was determined, asked, and obtained leave of absence. The morning he left N—,  
I re-

I received a book I had lent him, and in it found wrote the following words: "Obedience is a crime, when love is to be the sacrifice." I suppose by those lines, he intended to upbraid me with an event which was soon to take place; but which no endeavours of mine could palliate; for had I been a state prisoner, I could not have been more guarded with eyes, never being permitted to be one moment alone, 'till I had surrendered my liberty, and put on those chains so dangerous to struggle with, and corroding to the heart when linked to a tyrant.

Soon after my marriage, the governor gave a ball in compliment of that event. This produced the first proofs I had of my husband's  
unhappy

unhappy disposition, and added many daggers to the indifference I before felt. The evening arrived; he seemed pleased with the compliment payed to us, and dressed himself with the appearance of eager impatience. My mother, as a testimony of her unusual civility, made up a white and gold suit of cloaths for the occasion: mine was a white lutestring, with silvernet. (Quite the bride, you'll say.) My father, mother, Sir Martin, a gentleman of his acquaintance, and myself, went in my father's carriage. We had hardly left the avenue, when Sir Martin became sulky, pretended he was ill, and insisted on my returning home with him. My dear parent pointed out the extraordinary appearance such a behaviour would have to the world, and the many ill-natured re-



reflections it might occasion. His friend remonstrated without reserve. In short, after scolding, wrangling, coaxing, &c. we arrived at the governor's, where, my dear, you will permit me to make a stop for the present, or I shall much exceed the bounds you so obligingly prescribed for me : indeed, I fear I have already done so, as this has been the production of several sittings. Adieu ; may every blessing attend yourself, and all those who are dear to you.

So prays

C. BETTESWORTH.

L E T.

LETTER VIII.

*Miss AMBRIDGE, to Lady BETTESWORTH.*

*Seamore Park.*

**B**Y endeavouring, my dear Cassandra, to express the part I take in those severe sufferings you have experienced, I should but wrong the sense I have of them. Yes, I have revolved them a thousand times, with heart-breaking sympathy. That cruel Sir Martin, and that tyrannic woman,  
to

to sacrifice such tender innocence ! it is too much to reflect on ; let me drop the subject or I shall be lost in melancholy. I will therefore hasten to tell you of an excursion I had the other day, which was truly romantic.

A few days before my brother's return to Seamore Park, my uncle set out for London. Unavoidable business called him from home, and which he supposed would detain him for more than a week. With joy I heard the pleasing intelligence, and was determined to shake off confinement, during that interval. How very pleasing, Cassandra, is liberty in idea ! I think it is more so in that state, than when realized, as the first affords nothing but pleasure, the latter often leads



leads into lasting woe. These are my sentiments at this moment, and my ardent wish is, never to be without a guide and protector. But how am I running away, losing my poor guardy, before I have even escorted him to the avenue!

Well, he had but just reached that length, when I, being anxious to begin as soon as possible in my new scene of life, dispatched William with my compliments to a young lady of my acquaintance, and her brother, requesting their company the next morning, to take an airing for a few miles, and intreating they would prevail on their good mother to do me the like honour. He returned, and my request was complied with: I could not close my eyes; during the

the whole night, I was anticipating the pleasures of the ensuing day. The sun had no sooner crept from his eastern bed, and beamed a smile upon the park, than up rose I, ordered the horses to be put to, threw myself into the old family coach, took up my companions, and proceeded a few miles, 'till we reached a place called Walton, in the naze of which is built a large tower, or look-out. The prospect from the top of it, is amazingly fine. I do not recollect the height of it, but the number of steps (which are geometrically placed) are one hundred and forty, divided into eleven flights, or resting places, on each of which is a seat. Near the top is a water closet, and in the room, or look-out, are three windows, the furniture, three  
sophas,

sophas, a table, and a chair; the latter, raises on springs, so as to lift those to a proper elevation, when they wish to make remarks from the top of the tower, and then it is carried up for that purpose. Over the tower is placed an awning when any particular company are expected. What I thought exceedingly droll at Walton was, a large bell, it is so ancient that none could read the characters engraved upon it. It is fixt between two old sides of a church, a cross a beam, and not four feet from the ground; the Gothic building appears almost too weak to support its weight. Near this ruin is a neat, plain church, where they now perform divine worship: but as I love sometimes to dwell on trifles, I will return again to my bell. I put my  
finger



finger to it, just to see if it was moveable, when to my great amazement, it made such a din as quite confounded me, and brought all the neighbouring villagers to their doors to enquire what was the matter; and the clerk came running out of breath to claim what I had forfeited by my curiosity. As for my poor self, I felt exceedingly foolish; and, after discharging my forfeit, got away as fast as I could. We proceeded in a boat, which we had engaged for that purpose, to Landguard fort, which is reckoned four miles across the water, from the village. The creek which we past through, before we crossed the harbour, was really beautiful, and claimed much of my attention, by its similiarity to those described so pleasingly in Emily Montague.

ague. I will not try at a representation of the fort, for certain reasons. My brother has often seen it, therefore, if your ladyship has any curiosity for ramparts, bastions, great guns, &c. you must make him take up his pen, for I am the worst engineer in the world. We dined in the garrison, with an officer and his wife, an acquaintance of the old lady that accompanied me. Here I had an opportunity of seeing many sons of Mars, a few of whom dined with us. Really, Cassandra, they were pleasing and polite, their *je-ne-scai-quoi* flutter is absolutely engaging; but notwithstanding all this approbation, I could not find a Hastings amongst them. It was lucky for me I did not, or your friend would have travelled home heartless.

I am

I am next Thursday to have the honor of being bride's maid to miss Stanhope, a very agreeable young lady. My dress for that purpose is this moment arrived from town, and calls me to view it.

Well, my dear, here I am again. What think you of a white and silver gauze ranelagh gown and coat, lined with pale pink lutestring trimmed with silver blond, silver tassels and small Italian flowers, a turbant cap with many other etceteras? But now for the romantic, tragical part of my adventure. O! I would give my new gown for your descriptive pen! my bribe and wishes both are vain, it is not to be acquired; therefore, take the will for the deed.

W.



We were just preparing to make our exit, when a black cloud arose big with anger, which detained us the night; and Boreas opened his hoarse throat, and bellowed loud from every quarter of the sky. The sea impetuously rose to repel his howling blast; all nature seemed convulsed; except your Julia, who was motionless with horror. About seven in the evening the weather seemed rather to be abating, though then very boisterous. We were in a room fronting the battery, when, all on a sudden, I heard a prodigious bustle; and, in a moment, before I could express my surprize, a corporal entered the room, with a look of wild amazement. He came to acquaint the officer, that there was a boat wrecked; and that some

of the people were calling to the centinels on the wall, to have the sally ports opened, and some assistance to be sent them. The officer, you may be assured, was very alert upon the occasion; we all flew out on the ramparts, I mean the female part of us, for the gentlemen went over the bridge. I got into one of the marlongs, and in the barbet battery, which is under the walls, I saw several people, as I thought; for I was not quite sure I saw them. I communicated this idea to the officer's wife; who desired the centry, who stood in the middle bastion, to tell them there was assistance gone round. Their answer was; for God's sake make haste, as we want a warm bed to put a gentleman into, who is just expiring. Upon my word,

Cas-

Cassandra, I was near fainting on hearing them talk in this manner. The gentlemen soon returned, accompanied by the following strangers: a lieutenant of marines, a purser, and two midshipmen, with five common sailors. When they were composed enough to relate the cause of the accident that had befallen them, we found that they belonged to one of his majesty's ships, and were coming from her, in order to proceed to a neighbouring town for fresh provisions as she had been at sea, and but that morning anchored some distance from the fort. One of the midshipmen was entirely undressed when he came on shore; but was soon supplied with a great coat: Through the ignorance of the cockswain, they ran the boat on shore, on



a part of the beach, which the officers of the fort described as very dangerous, and on which they said, they had seen the waters rise, even on fine calm evenings, five feet, and with such a roar as the bar of St. Augustine makes. I believe you have seen the bar, if not, no doubt you have read accounts of it; therefore, to continue my story—On those sands they were tossed for some time; they then all got out of the boat, into the water, in order to push her off, but without effect. Swimming was thought their only alternative; and that they had determined on, when providentially, at that moment, a prodigious swell removed the boat many yards. A difficulty yet remained with those that were in the water; for they could scarcely get into her again, by reason of

of their distance from her: but happily they all did, excepting one poor sailor, whom they saw making several efforts for that purpose, and then sunk to the bottom. In this situation, almost expiring with cold and fatigue, they landed in a more convenient part; and was conducted to the garrison, as I before - mentioned, where they had every refreshment the place could afford. The youngest of the gentlemen, whom they called by the name of Jones, they seemed to pay great attention to; often saying, they pitied him extremely, it being his first voyage. It was now time to think of their taking some repose, but the difficulty was how to provide beds. There were not any disengaged, but what were designed for my party; there-

F 3

fore,

fore, the unfortunate, as they are always put to their shifts, were destined to sleep on two of the soldiers mattraffes, which were laid before a large fire at the canton. Thus they sunk away in pleasing forgetfulness; but had not long retired, when one of the military gentlemen pronounced the said Mr. Jones to be a female; and affirmed he had very lately, been introduced to her as such.

The next morning the officers of the garrison waited on the sons of Neptune, in order to take another peep at this female in disguise. Her before-mentioned acquaintance addressed her by name; when she seemed much surprized, blushed exceedingly, but did not deny her sex; and we since learnt, that she had eloped with



with one of the ship's gentlemen. My dear Cassandra, what must she not have felt in such a situation! can she ever lose sight of a scene so shocking? Surely, no! she must be hardened indeed, if it does not make a proper impression on her mind. I would not have been in her situation for worlds. O! Reflection, what a probe art thou to a guilty heart!

“For heaven's high will has graciously  
design'd,

“That strong remorse with infamy should  
dwell;

“And placed an awful censor in the  
mind,

“Whose pangs are sharper than a thousand  
hells.”

This unhappy woman, it is not unlikely, may have destroyed the peace of two tender parents; who may have often smiled with rapture, on the growing beauties of their daughter: and blest heaven for bestowing on them what their extreme fondness made them esteem, an inestimable jewel. Shocking thought! or may she not, in tender innocence and smiling bloom of loveliness, have been deprived of their protection, and left exposed to the charm of every flattery? Dr. Goldsmith prettily describes, one in the like situation, thus:

“ S h

" She once, perhaps, in village plenty  
blest,

" Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;

" Her honest looks the cottage night  
adorn,

" Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath  
the thorn,

" Now lost to all her friends, her virtue  
fled, &c.

Unhappy girl! — cruel seducer,  
and destroyer of her peace, what  
have you not to answer for! — she  
who, perhaps, yesterday was inno-  
cent, to day is undone. Oh! my  
friend, why is there not some pe-  
culiar sting to wound the breast of



those who owe their triumph to our undoing! a thousand artifices, unknown to others, may have united to render wretched this unhappy fugitive. Yet, alas, how apt are we to condemn with unfeeling rigour, what ought to excite our compassion and pity. And what partiality do we pay to those abandoned wretches, who lay snares to seduce unwary innocence! Instead of shunning, and detesting them as we would the enchanting snake; we listen to their wiles, and believe till we are undone. The following lines, which my aunt Hamilton wrote, on seeing a little bird charmed into the mouth of one of those fascinating snakes, I have just mentioned, are truly characteristic of female conduct.

“ Ob-

“ Observe that little bird which chirping  
flies,

“ Tho’ conscious of the sting by which it  
dies ;

“ So charm’d, weak Woman, swiftly as she  
can,

“ Runs in the arms of that destroyer, Man.”

You will say, perhaps, my aunt  
was but an indifferent poetess; but  
you will do her the justice to own,  
that the comparison is truly emblem-  
matic.

Is it not amazing, Cassandra, the  
sensibility of those little feathered  
animals, and the fear they express

when the serpent begins to throw out his powers of fascination? that kind of reptile is peculiar only to one part of America; you may be a stranger to their manners; and the following description, which I had from my aunt, may not be displeasing.

The snake, she told me, twirls himself up, lays with his mouth open, and makes a kind of hissing, whistling noise. As soon as he begins, the birds that are flying over his head, express their fear by a crying chirrup, and continue flying round and round in a descensive motion, till he charms them into his mouth, with dissembled allurements, and then devours them.

After



After this digression, you will permit me to return again to the company, whom I left in the garrison, and acquaint you, that I fear my compassionate heart has sunk me much in the good opinion of the old lady, my guest, who was for every rack being put in execution against the unfortunate frail one.

The next morning we took leave of our friends at the fort. During our journey, we had nothing but a repetition of female imprudence, and the punishment that ought to be the reward of indiscretion. The young lady, at last, caught the infection, and echoed her mother's severity. For my part, I could not refrain my tears at the idea of their cruelty:  
how-

however, as soon as I could recover myself, and had wiped the pearly drops from my pitying eyes, I ventured to lift them up with a contemptuous glance; and, addressing the matron, declared it was a very unpleasing subject, and that I was not a little surprized, that a lady of her benevolent disposition, could so long dwell on it: that, for my part, I wished to forget a conduct in my own sex, which, though I could not applaud, I would not condemn with an unfeeling asperity. Mrs. Rigid (for so I shall call her for the future) bridled with resentment; miss looked amazement at my principles, and master was totally dumb, for fear of offending, Mama.

In this disagreeable manner we jogged

jogged on, 'till we reached their mansion house; and then with a forced civility, kissed hands, and parted. I have not seen them since, and now begin, Cassandra, to tremble lest you too may think I have been too warm in defence of the unhappy girl. But, believe me, my dear, if I have erred, the fault has proceeded from a tenderness which I cannot help, or even wish to suppress. I would not chuse her for my companion, as it might be injurious to my reputation, yet I could not, like many of my sex, crush with unrelenting cruelty. I pity, and would reclaim, if in my power; and were I in a situation, or knew the means of offering this unhappy fair protection, I most certainly would do it, if she  
 ever



ever can be awakened into a sense of her condition and duty. Surely this is the time, while the remembrance of those horrors which have so lately surrounded her, are fresh and uneradicated, to open her way to repentance. As she passed the barrack window, her face was lighted up with a crimson glow. This, I would fain hope, betokened a soul not totally depraved, though I own her garb so repugnant to female delicacy, a little prejudiced me against her, and took many tender feelings from my compassion.

I was told a large company dined yesterday with lady Rigid. She strove much to prove that all our sex were either innately good,  
or

or innately depraved; and would not make the smallest allowance for unexperienced youth, or artful deceptions. What an ungenerous way of thinking! her whole topic, during her company's visit, was on the defection of this unhappy girl. The old lady had unfortunately learnt her name, and half the country knows it already.

"So the grave old alarm the gentler young,

"And all her fame's abhorred contagion flies."

But now adieu to the girl; and let me tell you, to-morrow a little private history of this old lady, for  
I do

I do not intend to proceed to night, who so strenuously condemns every appearance of indecorum in others.

*Sunday Morning.*

She was, as I have been credibly informed, in her younger years, ~~innately~~ *innately* amorous. At the age of sixteen, had private assignations with her father's stable boy; and, before she arrived at seventeen, brought him forth a son. The discovery broke her mother's heart. Her father purchased a commission for her paramour, privately married them, and sent him abroad for a short time. He then returned, and the present boy, the production of their improper connection, was announced their lawful issue.

It



It is now my turn to be severe; for I think her fault merits no pardon, as it ever was, and ever will be my opinion, that the woman where she is the superior, must wholly be to blame, as she cannot have been seduced, as many others are, by flattery and deceit. Weak woman; thus by exposing the foibles of another, you have awakened the remembrance of your own. How could she be so simple, to suppose, by removing a few miles, that she could stop the progress of that rapid traveller fame? I will have done with her; for were I to write all the contempt I feel on the occasion, my pen would never cease, till I got to the end of my paper.

My

My uncle returned to us a few days ago; he is in better health and spirits, than I remember him for some time past. That dear, enlivening air of London, has absolutely taken ten years from his age. It would be charity in him, to let me smell a little of its refreshing odours. I am positively grown excessively stupid, and feel my vivacity wonderfully decreasing.

But notwithstanding this revolt of spirits, in good faith, you, my dear, for the future, shall have the appellation of Pitho, the goddess of eloquence and persuasion. My brother says you were formed by the graces, and that you are loveliness itself. He takes leave of us, shortly, to attend

attend my poor aunt Hamilton to the south of France, which tour is the only event she can hope to receive benefit from, and perhaps, at his return, I may, in compliance to your order, pronounce him free. But indeed you must excuse my not doing so at present, as he opened a piece of his heart to me the other day, and I discovered a chain there, which I fear will cost him much pain to unlink. The poor captive (pardon the expression) desires me to say a great deal for him; but Julia, I told him, thinks it sufficient to prate for herself. "Well, but his best respects, surely, I would not refuse to inclose." Will your ladyship do him, and his sister, the honour to accept them? He made a  
great



great halt (which I did not half like) when he pronounced the word *best*. I trembled for fear he was going to commission me with a tenderer word than that of *respects*; for if he had, I should certainly have looked for a rod inclosed in your next favour. Heigh ho! I wish your ladyship would be as compassionate as your Julia; for that sigh was for my poor repulsed brother. Mon Dieu, to what an enormous size have I swelled this scrawl! I blush, Cassandra, at the trouble you will have in reading it, yet it must not be closed 'till I have informed you of the happy hope I am bid to entertain of soon paying my respects to you at Bettesworth Mount, my dear good uncle having half promised me that blessing;

bleffing ; don't those endearing epithets  
*dear* and *good*, become my pen mighti-  
 ly? I know your ladyship will think  
 yes, and, perhaps, fay with some-  
 body,

“ Woman, changeable as the fleeting  
 air,

“ A breath can sooth, a breath displease  
 the fair.”

To do the poet justice, I  
 protest he has hit off my dis-  
 position to a nicety ; for my guardy,  
 within these twenty four hours, is  
 infinitely exalted in my good opi-  
 nion. But I will not be too  
 large in my praises, as a coun-  
 ter-

term and of that pleasing promise  
he made me, would totally banish  
those ideas which it has raised in  
his favour.

I am,

My dear Cassandra,

With the firmest attachment,

JULIA AMBRIDGE.

L E T.



LETTER IX.

LADY BETTESWORTH, to *Miss AMBRIDGE.*

*Bettesworth Mount.*

I Shall, my dear Julia, anticipate the pleasure of seeing you, with the highest joy and impatience. A thousand thanks for the romantic story, which I have not at present time to comment upon. In my last, I conducted you to the governor's; in this, let me tell you, I had the

honour of dancing with a relation of yours, lord Bernard. No sooner had we stood up, than my husband quitted the room, went home, and, in a few moments after, sent a mandate for me, protesting in it, if I did not that instant go to him, he would put an end to his existence. My father received the note, and not being willing to alarm me, went himself, when he found Sir Martin in bed, with two pistols on the table laying by him. My dear parent has often since assured me, that he delayed sending for me, in hopes the wretch would have put his threats into execution; but hardened as he was to every tender feeling for others, yet instinct in him, forbade the inflicting pain on himself. When my mother and  
I went

I went home, which was not 'till one in the morning, he was little short of distraction; the pistols on a chair by him, and he flourishing a drawn sword in bed: believe me, Julia, the sight was too much for human fortitude, and expression is too weak to paint it. However, after many tears, and soothing, on my part, he became more calm; but a scene so horrible was not soon to be forgotten. I dreaded the sight of him, as of a person deprived of reason; and fear soon terminated into a total disgust.

“Then tied to such a mate, how hard  
my lot,

“How oft I wished to cut the cruel  
knot!”



But wished in vain. A thousand torments that moment took possession of my bosom, yet I concealed my sentiments from every eye; and exerted an appearance of fondness, that did violence to the integrity of my heart. But notwithstanding all my endeavours, the world formed an opinion for your friend; and loudly proclaimed, that happiness was not the inhabitant of my breast.

There were three regiments quartered in the same town with us, and had my mind been tranquil, the flattery, attention, and assiduity, of the several officers belonging to them to please, might have persuaded me, I was blest with every accomplishment, and merited a better fate; but

but the vicissitudes and trials I was hourly exposed to, made me deaf to the destructive voice of those enchanters; and perhaps, prevented me from being ensnared by the dangerous civilities and innumerable schemes that were planned in order to undo me.

Sir Martin was a compound of reversals. It was inconsistent for him to be one moment consistent. He loved me to a degree of madness, treated me ill, was jealous of every eye that looked upon me, yet laid snares, with his companions, to put my virtue to its utmost proof; and though alarmed at every trivial event, was never happy but when I was surrounded by a multitude. The least inattention would have alarmed

his pride. He has often solicited my approbation to his admitting some of the officers to be of our family, when we should remove from my father's. I shuddered at the very thought ; for, as Mr. Fielding justly observes, " when a woman's affections are alienated from her husband, there is room in her heart for very dangerous impressions." In fact, my friend, I was encompassed by trials of every denomination, and woes, that were embittered by the reflection of those events which once flattered my hopes and expectations.

At this time, I had reason to suppose a few months would make me an unhappy mother ; but that all supreme



preme Being, whose beneficence is beyond the comprehension of us earthly shaddows, destined afflictions of a less kind to take place, as an instrument to destroy that greatest of all misfortunes, the having a child by a man who had rendered himself totally disgusting to me. My husband was ordered to hold himself in readiness to relieve an officer, who was then on a monthly command at a neighbouring town, on the opposite side the water; the inhabitants of which had, a few months before, been all massacred by those cruel savages, the Indians: and at that time, there were not more than five or six families, who would venture to reside there; yet it was thought necessary that a party should be sent to defend those few, and guard the

block-houses. The governor had received intelligence, that the savages meant another invasion, and my husband's orders were to defend the garrison to the last extremity. It was a bad season of the year, and the people often distressed for provision for weeks together. No boat could get to them, and the severity of the weather rendered all intercourse by land impracticable. The relief-day arrived, the men embarked on board the boat, they only waited for their officer, who had that moment taken it into his foolish head, to insist on my accompanying him. I wished to decline it, as I had been much indisposed, and was that morning under the disagreeable necessity of losing some blood; besides, I dreaded with the keenest anxiety, an absence

fence from home with my husband of so long a continuance, as that of a month. We were still at my father's; my mother read through my eyes, the anguish of my soul, and, for the first time, her hard heart felt the influence of a tender sensation. She interested herself in my behalf, intreating Sir Martin, that he would not insist on my going that day, and promised I should see him the next. On those terms, I was excused.

He had not been many moments departed, when a packet was brought for him: it came from a gentleman, who had supplied him with money. The wafer being wet, woman's curiosity prevailed: I opened the case,



and found, to my great astonishment, as we had always been assured by himself, and gentlemen of his acquaintance, that he had an independent fortune, that he had only expectations, his bills were returned, protested, his father, and mother had had separate beds on his account, as the latter had pleaded in his behalf. I learnt likewise, that his father had taken no notice of him, for more than three years, before he left England; and that Sir Martin's character, in every respect, was such as the most abandoned would shrink to own. I communicated the contents of the letter to my father, who then lamented what was too late to retrieve, his having so precipitately hurried me into misery. This packet, by increasing my indisposition, prevented my

my going the next day, agreeable to my engagement; but in the evening, my father and mother being abroad, a serjeant (one of the command) desired to speak to me. He brought a letter from Sir Martin, and told me, my husband appeared distracted; that he had two pistols loaded by him, and declared if I did not immediately go over, he would quit the command, or put an end to his life. This alarmed me to such a degree, that without farther reflection, I hurried away with the serjeant.

Here, my dear, I must hasten to receive some ladies, who it is announced are below: adieu.

*Sunday Noon [In Continuation]*

IT was the dead of winter, the boat half full of ice, and we were four hours going. I was extremely frightened, the flurry my spirits were in, and indisposition, occasioned my fainting in the boat, and I was carried on shore half dead, where I found my tyrant in his old attitude, flourishing his sword, &c. On entering the room and seeing him in that position, those lines of somebody's, which were grown familiar to me by often repeating them, and which was truly

cor-



correspondent with what I then felt, involuntarily flew from my lips ;

“ Is there in all the various rounds of woe,

“ A curse so great, a pang so exquisite,

“ As this poor breast is singled out to feel ?”

Sir Martin heard me, and received me with a look of brutal cruelty. The night was passed in bitterest imprecations on himself, family, and friends, in flashing his sword over me in bed, and calling on the Almighty to open the earth and swallow us up. Those expressions too plainly evinced the depravity of his soul,  
and

and the barbarian was imprinted in his every gesture. To exaggerate my sufferings still more, I had, in idea, every moment, the Indians furrounding us. The smallest articulation of a voice, or step of a foot, alarmed me; the murmuring winds, and enraged sea and ice, which were dashing their angry heads against the clifty mountains, formed horrors which are past description. My disorder increased; the next day I was confined to my bed, and exposed to hardships, which before I could have no conception of. It would have required more than female strength to have borne up against such a variety of distresses: the recollection of the dreary scene, even at this distance, strikes me with horror.

We

We were surrounded with woods, which instead of being drest in the pleasing green garb of nature, were covered with the chilling white of hardened snow, and no human creature near me, except the poor soldiers, and one of their drunken women. To add to my distress, I had left my maid the other side the water, and the weather was too turbulent to have any assistance from thence. In this situation I continued for three weeks, and my only consolation under my sufferings was, that my indisposition had relieved me from my former apprehensions of soon becoming a mother. Do not, my dear, condemn me for a sentiment, which sprung from tenderness and love. On first review, it may appear cruel and unnatural; but



but ask your feeling heart, if it would not, like mine, have trembled at the idea of bringing a child into the world, to have a fellow sufferer with myself, which, no doubt, must have been the case; for how was it possible to hope, that he, who was inconsistent in every thing, and incapable of conducting himself through any scene of life with propriety, could be a proper protector for tender innocence, and unguarded youth?

I will now, my Julia, by your permission, quit, for a short time, my own unpleasing narrative, to relate one equally melancholy.

I yes-

I yesterday received a letter from a lady, who is at this time in Orleans. The extraordinary account contained in it, makes me wish not to forget communicating it to you, more particularly as you may remember one of the unhappy sufferers in the distressing and wonderful detail.

I think you cannot fail calling to memory a Mrs. K——, who kept a tavern near the parade at N——. Her two daughters were at school with us at Mount-Belvidere. Arabella and Henrietta, were the names of those two sisters. As they grew up, they were celebrated

brated for their modesty and beauty, and would have had many very advantageous offers, had they not been educated in the Catholic religion; but notwithstanding this obstacle, they both got husbands in the army. The first married a lieutenant D——c; the latter, a lieutenant L——n. Lieutenant L——n and his wife had been married just long enough to have a lovely boy to encrease their affections, when they embarked on board a ship, which was bound for Europe. They were within a few leagues of the wished-for port; and, in all probability, anticipating future pleasures, when a French vessel attacked them, and after some contention, the ship, the unfortunate lieutenant L——n and his wife were on board of, was  
blown



blown up by the enemy, and every soul perished, excepting the young innocent, whose preservation was the highest proof of Divine Providence. The child is supposed to have been asleep in the state room, at the time of this accident. The day after, another French vessel, bound for Calais, being four leagues from any land, the people on board saw at a distance a piece of a wreck, and on it a large New-Found-Land female dog, which claimed their attention by continual barking and crying. The sailors are, in general, fond of New-Found-Land spaniels; they are really worthy of esteem from their docility and usefulness on many occasions, when on a watery element. The Frenchmen hoisted out their boat to secure their four footed

footed prize. When they came up to the wreck, their wonder and amazement were beyond description at seeing an exceeding beautiful child laying in a sort of cradle, and the spaniel, whose young most likely had suffered in the explosion, giving the infant suck. The sailors carried them on board their ship, and when they landed at Calais, the captain placed the lovely boy under proper care. There were many different accounts in the papers of this miraculous preservation, but this is one that may be depended on. Mrs. K——, the grandmother of the child, was then in America: she wrote to the lady who favours me with this account, giving her a description of the infant, and pointing out a mark which was on its

b73001

left

left breast, and the name which was marked on the linen. The lady, agreeable to Mrs. K——'s desire, went and examined the child, &c. and found it to be the son of the unfortunate sufferers.

My dear Julia, how wonderful and amazing are the ways of Providence ! It is true, our understanding traces them in vain ; I am lost when I reflect, therefore will, for the present, quit the mysterious road, and leave you to comment upon it ; whilst I return to Sir Martin, who did not suspect my having discovered by his letters, the light in which his friends esteemed him ; and when I expressed, as I  
often



often did, my surprize at his not corresponding with them, he gave in excuse for their silence, that no doubt they had heard of his marriage and were displeased. On this I pressed him to let me address his mother : he made no objection, and I immediately took up my pen to acknowledge the sense we had of the impropriety we had been guilty of, in entering into so weighty an affair without their approbation. The tender affection we felt for each other, was the only plea I could make in defence of it, and promised our future study should be to maintain such a conduct as we thought might be most pleasing and agreeable to them. I represented my husband in the most favourable light, and myself as being sincerely  
fond

fond of him, distant as those sentiments were from my breast; yet I thought it a laudable deception, and it gained the wished-for boon. I received in return an exceeding polite and obliging letter from his mother, with many encomiums on my understanding, and manner of writing. She obligingly said, my letters alone would make me dear to her; that they were happy their son had been so fortunate as to form an alliance in a family that did him honour; that he had not, for some time before, merited their approbation; but that the recollection of his former imprudence should, for my sake, be buried in oblivion.

Is

Is it not strange, Julia, that a letter, a word, from those we love, or wish to please, can change in one moment, every sentiment of our hearts? [This kind epistle from Sir Martin's friends, gave me new existence, and facilitated my duty, by pleading strongly in my heart, for an extenuation of his faults; and I beheld him no longer as an object of disgust, but as one whom heaven had allotted to be mine, by the most sacred ties. All his imperfections, I then imputed to youth, and inexperience; which time, I flattered myself, would entirely eradicate. False expectation! transitory dream! This new-born idea soon vanished. I had not long dosed in the pleasing delusion,



delusion, when one morning he entered my dressing-room. I had unfortunately been looking over some papers, amongst which I met with a letter from captain Hastings. This was a fresh subject for dissention, and at once dissolved in air all those pleasing prospects inventive fancy had been erecting. Indeed, my dear Julia, it is impossible you should form an idea of the series of distresses I was born to experience, and which were I to attempt I could not describe. Shakespeare justly observes, trifles light as air, are, to the jealous, confirmations strong, as proofs of holy writ.

Sir Martin seized the paper from my almost dying hand, and with a  
 VOL. I. H savage

savage brutality, declared from that hour to be a tyrant, not a husband to me. The only wise sentence I ever heard pronounced from his lips, I think was on that occasion, and in which I could not help acquiescing: it was that a heart demanded a heart, and that the possession of the body was nothing without it.

Fools are generally obstinate, and he, from that hour, became doubly an Italian in severity. We were still at my father's, I was again in the increasing way, and that dreaded period approaching fast that was to augment my cares, the anxiety my mind suffered made me much indisposed. Sir Martin was again ordered  
on

on a command. I was, by his approbation, to have stayed at my father's, as many reasons spoke the impropriety of my accompanying him at that time; however, he had not left me four days when the old summons arrived.—Death to himself, quitting the command, or my immediate appearance. The latter, as it was the easiest alternative, I embraced; and that very evening at seven o'clock, accompanied by my father's first lieutenant, and attended by my woman, I proceeded to the barge, where twelve men dressed in shirts resembling the milky curd, and black caps, ornamented with silver crests, black feathers, &c. were pausing on their oars to receive a load of misery. Two French horns were ordered to charm



away my dejection ; but music had no influence to sooth afflictions, great as mine were. How often, Julia, does splendor conceal an aching heart ! Any stranger to have been witness of our embarkation, might have supposed me happy, but every stroke the oars gave produced fresh horrors, as it conveyed me so much nearer my tyrant.

We had a large bason to cross, the length of which was three leagues, and we had not half got through it, when angry clouds, big with tempest, pronounced an elemental and atlantic war, and a violent storm of hail, thunder, and lightning soon overtook us. The wind was directly contrary to our wishes,

wishes, and the sea swelled in proportion to my fears. I covered my face in the lieutenant's cloak, to hide from my eyes those dangers which seemed to threaten immediate dissolution. About ten at night we arrived at the fort. Sir Martin appeared overjoyed to see me. Indeed, I am convinced he was fond of me, although his behaviour was not correspondent with such an opinion. Captain K——, the commanding officer, obligingly insisted on my sleeping in his room, it being the most commodious, and I retired to bed presently after supper. Sir Martin, at twelve, followed me, heated with wine, and a storm more dreaded (if possible) than the one I had just encountered, flew from his angry lips. He upbraided me in

the most approbious, and mortifying language, for not dressing my face up in all those smiles and raptures, which he said ought to have been revelling there on his reception of me. I mildly represented to him, that it was not my talent to appear chearful and happy, when sorrow was destroying my heart, and that the methods he then took, in order, as I supposed to endear himself to me, would be productive of an opposite effect; and that it could not fail producing fear, instead of love. I then told him, how much I had been indisposed, and begged he would allow me to compose myself, if possible, as the length of time I had been on the water, assisted with the agitation my mind had suffered, might be of fatal consequence in  
my



my then hazardous condition. At the conclusion of those words his eyes darted fire, and he with unpar-donable cruelty, drove his elbow against my breast; which act of barbarity, when I resented, he repeated several times, and presently after, was soliciting to be forgiven. At that time, trouble seemed to accom-pany every step I took; as Hamlet says, — “ One woe did tread upon the heel of the other, so fast they followed.” About two o’clock, the commanding officer entered my apart-ment, desired my husband not to wake me, but to rise immediately, as the enemy was near; the patrols and centinels having represented, that they saw the flash of the Indians guns, and heard the report of them. Cap-tain K——, then withdrew. Sir Martin

softly asked, if I was awake ; I making no answer, he concluded, I suppose, I was not, and softly kissed me. This action of tenderness at that time, reminded me of Othello, and I was doubtful if he did not mean to take away my life, in order to save the savages the trouble ; but, as no consequence of that nature took place, I afterwards imputed his tenderness to a check of conscience, which most probably seized him in that moment of danger. As soon as he left me, the drums beat to arms, the officers and men continued on the parade during the night ; the patrols were continually trudging about, the sentries challenging : in short, such a confusion of noises made me suppose every misfortune was rapidly advancing to destroy me. Seneca, himself,

self, would have forfeited his philosophy and fortitude in my situation; but I was proof against every woe, and lay like patience, smiling at grief; for any change would have been pleasing to me.

However, the approach of sprightly Aurora, banished all apprehensions of the enemy; and could you have seen us, Julia, when we met the next morning, you must have been highly entertained. I could not help smiling, though surrounded with anxiety. We looked exceedingly foolish at each other, when we discovered that this great and mighty alarm had proceeded from nothing more important, than an



old venerable goat, who had mounted a hut near the fort, and every knock he gave with his horns, or kick with his foot, was swelled by the cautious centinels; who had received orders to be attentive, into a report of the enemy's fire arms, and their imagination even painted the flashes of their guns. It is an old aphorism, that an English soldier is never to be taken by surprize. This instance, I think verifies the truth of that assertion. But the most laughable part I had like to have forgot; and that is, their having in the face of the abundant enemy heroically ushered some men out of a sally port, in order to embark on board a boat, and alarm a neighbouring garrison; but, lucky for us, the

the weather was too rough to admit of their proceeding on that plan, and the men returned to us the next day, fatigued almost to death, with struggling against the boisterous wind and tide, and the officers were well satisfied that they had not exposed their credulity.

A short time after, the regiment Sir Martin was in was ordered to Louisbourg. It was impossible for me to accompany him, as I then lay-in of a daughter who lived but five hours. Soon after my recovery, which was but slowly, as I had been in imminent danger, my father and friends represented to me, the impossibility there was of my

ever being happy with my husband; and that in all probability my continuance with him would destroy my health, if not put a period to my existence. By those arguments, they were preparing me to be reconciled to a divorce, which they at that time was privately soliciting for. I declare to you, Julia, that I never had a thought, cruel as he had used me, of parting from him, nor did I suppose it possible to obtain it; but my father, whose commands had ever been a law to me, persevered in extricating me from such a mate, declaring he could not pardon himself, for having precipitated me into so much sorrow. In a few days we should have obtained a separation from bed and board, the council till then not having authority  
entirely



entirely to annihilate marriages. At this crisis Sir Martin returned. My father then sent me on board his ship, with proper servants, and a young lady as a companion, as he thought it the only place wherein I could be secured from Sir Martin's attempts to see me, knowing from my natural timidity, that did my husband gain an interview, it would render abortive every step he had taken to forward the separation. I have since been informed, that Sir Martin raved like a madman, and forcibly entered a widow lady's house, where he suspected me to be secreted, demanding his wife, with bitter imprecations. On this, my father sent orders that no boat should be admitted along side his ship, but such as could answer to the parole. I should have been

been exceedingly secure by this precaution, had not Sir Martin been secretly informed by my father's secretary, of all our schemes, and by him told, that on the following Friday evening, he could get admittance, by answering, when hailed, to the name of Chester. He eagerly profitted by this intelligence, and that night, at ten o'clock, to my great astonishment, he, and another gentleman (a stranger to me) entered the state room, just as miss M——, and myself were preparing for bed. I was quite terrified, and thought I had every thing to fear from his rage and resentment; but his conduct was quite the reverse. He ardently embraced me; not one chiding word; and gently asked me to accompany him on shore. I was much embarrassed,

passed, and in a great dilemma, as my father was absent. I knew not how to act, being conscious, as my husband had gained admittance, no person would dare to detain me, the decree of the council not then being passed. At last, I hoped by soothing to prevail on him to go on shore, but found it impossible for some time, as he was determined, he said, not to depart, unless I would accompany him. The only terms I could bring him to was, by giving my word and honour, if he would then return, without me, that the next morning I would accompany him to his house at N——. This promise had its desired effect, and he was no sooner gone, than my fancy embodied a thousand horrors. I passed the night in tears, being equally  
appre-



apprehensive of my father's displeasure, as of my husband's future ill treatment. At twelve o'clock next day, he came, accompanied by the same gentleman. I saw opposition would prove ineffectual, therefore complied, and seemingly, without reluctance, was handed into the barge.

I had not been many days at home, when I found Sir Martin infinitely more depraved than ever. He treated me with an indelicacy, which, bad as he had been, I never before had experienced from him.

Our house was crowded with gentlemen, who despised him, and who wished

wished to take every advantage of the indifference they knew I must feel for so bad a husband: but, fortunately, my breast was guarded by the remembrance of my Hastings, he was my preservative, and sheathed my heart against every enchantment spread to ensnare it. Their vernility was lost in the secret passion which I could not help entertaining for that dear youth, who was the first object of my affections. For though unlikely as the prospect was, yet I could not help indulging the pleasing hope, that we might one day meet to part no more. Happy delusion! O! that the balmy dream had continued its influence, to have parried off the many troubles I have since experienced! but that was a blessing too great for your friend, and the  
dear

dear soother, long since, bade me adieu.

In this situation, surrounded by those that were seeking to undo me, I traversed on several months, without enjoying one solid satisfaction.

And now, my dear, permit me to quit my seat, and traverse the garden for half an hour, in order to regain part of those spirits which I have exhausted in the foregoing sheets; till then, adieu.

I am now, Julia, returned from my walk, and arrived at the nineteenth



teenth year of my age, on which occasion Sir Martin proposed demonstrating his joy by a splendid entertainment. My breast was dead to the voice of pleasure, yet, as usual, I did not oppose him, but expressed the sense I had of his politeness. We had a ball in the evening: the music, instead of charming, but augmented my sorrow. Every happy pair present, was a probe to my heart, and reminded me of the blessing which had been so cruelly torn from me. It was with the greatest difficulty I could suppress those tears which were every moment going to announce the anxiety of my mind. Sir Martin exerted himself much, and to my great concern I found he made too free with the bottle.

Soon

Soon after the ladies had withdrawn, and I returned to my room, I heard a prodigious noise. Upon my enquiring what was the matter, I was informed, that some of the gentlemen had quarelled, but that now every thing was amicably settled. On this I began to undress, but in a few moments after, I repeatedly heard the words, Sir Martin is killed. I flew down stairs, and there found him in agonies not to be described. Remorse had seized him, and no words can represent the horrors he seemed to feel. He could not bear me one instant from his sight, and was continually upbraiding himself for his former cruelties to me. A thousand times I assured him of my forgiveness, he as often made me repeat

repeat it, and I strove to demonstrate it, by the greatest assiduity to soothe and relieve him, but in vain; every attempt to convince him of its reality proved ineffectual. He said it was impossible but I must hate his memory, and he should die in that belief. In those agonies he continued four days, and then expired a martyr to his folly.

The second day after this disaster, he sent for the gentleman with whom he had contended, forgave him, acknowledged himself in fault, and hoped no unhappy consequence might follow. Mr. W—— soon after was tried and acquitted.

Though



Though I never had any love for Sir Martin, the sight of so much misery overwhelmed me. Some months elapsed before I could recover from the shock his sudden death occasioned. My friends strove, by the most endearing attention, to eradicate the recollection of the many disagreeable scenes I had gone through, during the three years I was tied to Sir Martin. At first his cruelties were lost in the remembrance of his annihilation, but when reflection assumed it's throne, it was not natural to grieve for those chains which had nearly brought me to my grave, and which I every day found decreasing in weight.

I im-

I immediately removed to B—— plain, a seat we had just purchased, about three miles from N——; and thus relieved from my cruel mother, and tyrannic husband, I thought myself happy, and once more assembled with the gay throng, and regained a tranquility which had long been flown from me. I had not a disquietude on earth, excepting what arose from hope and fear on captain Hastings's account. At last, reason whispered to me the improbability there was of our ever meeting again, or of his having continued so long unconnected with another. That thought determined me, if possible, to forget him, (but, alas! how weak my efforts!) to sheath my breast for the future against the soft impulse

pulse of love, and fix my attention entirely on my sister Nancy, whom I had not seen since a child, as she had been sent to France for her education. My father was much pleased with the protection I offered her, for notwithstanding his partiality to his wife, he saw she was but ill qualified for the guidance of so young a person. I wrote for the dear girl, who received my invitation with joy. Lord and lady Hill intending soon to embark for America, they obligingly took my sister under their care, and a short time gave us a happy meeting.

Lady Hill is an exceeding great beauty; she was going to be married to a noble earl, but her parents finding



finding her attachment to lord Hill, they were prudent enough to give their consent, though the earl's fortune was much superior to my lord's. They are a shining proof of that happiness which is ever the result of affection and mutual union. Lady Hill's conduct is truly worthy of imitation, her affable disposition, sweetness of temper, and attachment to her husband, are justly described by the poet in the following lines:

" Oh ! blest with temper, whose un-  
clouded ray,

" Can make to morrow chearful as to  
day,

" She who ne'er answers 'till her hus-  
band cools,

“ Or, if she rules him, never shews she  
rules,

“ Charms by accepting, by submitting  
fways,

“ Yet has her humour most when she  
obeys.”

Lady Hill continued with us but  
three weeks, and then set off for  
her seat, which was forty miles from  
mine, and we took leave of her  
with a reluctance due only to so  
much merit.

And now, my dear, permit me to  
throw down my pen 'till to-morrow,  
then I mean to take it up again,  
though contrary to the restriction you  
laid upon me, as I find protracting  
a sub-

a subject which affords so little pleasure in recollection, hurtful to my spirits, and hope it will apologize for the swiftness of the feathered instrument, hereafter, which I propose no respite to, until the whole is concluded: and should it's production then afford you the smallest entertainment, I shall not regret the many sighs it has cost me.

*Tuesday Morning, Ten o'Clock.*

[In Continuation]

AFTER lady Hill's departure, I received the following letter from Mr. Norton, the gentleman whom I mentioned to you in a former letter,

I 2

the



the person who accompanied my husband on board the ship, the morning I went so reluctantly on shore. He was in the country at the time of Sir Martin's decease. I had not seen him since, though before he was a constant visitor. To his influence I had reason to attribute many of my husband's irregularities. His letter was in these words :

DEAR MADAM,

PERMIT me to condole with you on the death of my much esteemed friend Sir Martin, and believe me, though I am late in testifying my grief on the occasion, that there

there was no one valued his friendship more than I did, or more sensible of his love. Yet I cannot help wishing to profit by it, as by the melancholy event you are at liberty to bestow your hand on some happy man. Happy, indeed, must he be, who has merit enough to obtain such a prize. Believe me, madam, should you honour me with your hand, my every wish shall centre in that one of making you happy, and that a smile of approbation, and your permission to endeavour to render myself agreeable to you, would add more to mine than any other event on this side heaven. You will, perhaps, chide me for being so precipitate in making a declaration of this nature: I see the impropriety of it, but what will not a heart,

tortured almost to madness, and that has so long been a slave, be presumptuous enough to do, in order to regain peace of mind? Since I first had the honour of seeing lady Bettsworth, I loved and adored her, and at times, almost hated my friend for being possessed of such a treasure. Honour often strove to repel the soft impression from my breast; but the dear idea was too strong for eradication, and will follow me wherever I go. However, I will not dwell on the pains I have experienced, but live on the pleasing hope, that lady Bettsworth will banish them all, by permitting me in person to assure her, with how much respect, esteem, and affection,

I am her devoted,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS NORTON.

When



When I had read his letter, contempt invaded my bosom, and my eyes flowed with a stream of mortified pride. How did he dare address me thus? He, who had given me so many instances of his badness of heart, and how much he preferred noise and riot to my happiness, and who had so often led Sir Martin into the most scandalous dissipations? All those ideas rushed on my mind, and spurred me on to a proof my resentment of the pain he had so often been instrumental in procuring me. I wrote to him as follows:

LETTER X.

*To the Honourable,*

GEORGE AUGUSTUS NORTON, Esq;

*Bettesworth Mount.*

S I R,

**I**F I had ever conceived an opinion of your delicacy or sentiments beyond their being depraved, I should

I should have been more surprized at receiving your epistle ; but as it was, I read it with the contempt due to so much arrogance. Weak, Sir, as you may conceive the female heart, mine will ever have a just sense of what is due to myself and the opinion of the world. My former connection, you too well know from your intimacy at my house, was unfortunate ; but it has not robbed me of that delicacy which ought, and I hope ever will be a guide to my actions. I should think myself the most criminal of my sex, if I could pay the smallest attention or give encouragement to a man, who was, certainly, my husband's greatest enemy, though constant companion, and who, in my own, and the world's opinion, was the

I 5

prompter



prompter of those follies which hurried on Sir Martin to that last act which proved so fatal. After opening my mind thus freely, I believe, Sir, you will not be surprized when I tell you, I must decline the honour you intend me, as also that of your acquaintance, and that I subscribe myself no other than

C. BETTESWORTH.

I dis-

I dispatched this letter away as soon as I had finished it, and flattered myself it would free me of all farther importunities from a man I fervently despised and abhorred; but my penetration in this, as well as many other of my prognostications, proved abortive: however, I did not see or hear any thing farther from him, for near two months, when, one evening, I was unfortunate enough to meet him, at lady C——'s. The sight of him much disconcerted me; I was a thousand times going to plead indisposition, and to order my carriage, but the advantage such an excuse might have given to his vanity, determined me to stay, however painful, till after supper. During the evening, he took many opportunities of lolling over

my chair, and almost stifling me with his sighs. Once in a loud whisper he told me, I had doomed him to be wretched, and that he should die my slave. Mind that, Julia, my *slave*. His eyes never met mine, but I assumed a look of the utmost dislike, yet it did not deter him. Being at cards I was unusually lucky, had conquered three pools, and was for leaving off, when lady C—— said, it was barbarous in me not to give her some chance. He seized that opportunity of exclaiming, yes, lady C——, her ladyship is the most cruel, as well as the most lovely of her sex. This completed my embarrassment, as every eye was fixed on my blushing face. At eleven o'clock, I took leave of lady C——. My coach had



had no sooner drove from the door, than I exulted at being once more left to myself. Captain Forster, a relation of lady C——, would have accompanied me home, but I declined it. As the night was fine, two servants behind the carriage, and but three miles to go, there was no room for apprehension of any danger. At length we were within a few yards of my own house, and could plainly perceive the lights in the avenue, when on a sudden we were surrounded by seven men disguised, and on horseback, and a post chaise and four, at the door of my carriage. A ruffian instantly seized, and forced me into it. In vain were my struggles, my cries and entreaties, they all proved ineffectual; and I was borne away with the greatest rapidity.

dity. My servants were rendered useless to me, as the ruffians obliged my two footmen to get into the coach, to prevent their alarming any one; and three of the former got in by way of guard, 'till I should be in a place of security. Three others went off with the useless horses, whilst one of the villains rode by the side of my coachman, and obliged him to drive some miles into an obscure part of the country where there were no inhabitants, and then set them at liberty.

During this dreadful scene, nothing could equal my anxiety and fears, and many were the conjectures I formed. Sometimes I thought it  
was

was a banditte, that had designs on my money and dress, as I had on that night some valuable jewels; but then, their seizing my person, and hurrying me away, with so much precipitation, seemed unaccountable. The person who sat by me, was so disguised in a long blue fatten robe, lined with ermine, and black mask, that I could not form the smallest conjecture who he was. He kept a profound silence. My tears and intreaties appeared to have no weight with him, as no answer did he make, and I should certainly have supposed him inanimate, had he not, now and then, roused my indignation by attempting to kiss my hand. When I was a little relieved from my first apprehensions of being murdered, I offered him all my jewels, and



and promised to enter into any engagement he could desire, that myself, nor any of my friends, would ever take notice of the part he had acted, provided he would grant me my liberty; but silence still sealed his lips. His perseverance in that silence, when he had me so much in his power, I could not account for, and that moment, the idea that he was really a dumb man occurred, and terrified me beyond description. The thought of being alone, and in the power of a person to whom nature had been illiberal, was a superior terror, if possible, to any I had ever before felt.

[ At seven o'clock next morning,  
the carriage stopped at a large house,  
the

the mistress of which met us at the door, with a very dirty frontlet strained quite tight over her high forehead. Her exalted shoulders, squint eyes, and contracted brow, bespoke deformity, and ill-nature. My disguised companion alighted, and after going in with her for a few moments, he returned, opened the chaise, and conducted me to a back parlour, and bowing, withdrew without articulating a word. Thus was I left for some time to my meditations, which I assure you, Julia, were not the most pleasing. The situation and structure of the mansion, seemed formed for the receptacle of beings who were tired of life, and who wished to indulge their melancholy by dreary scenes. It was surrounded by woods and  
water,

water, and rendered awfully tremendous, by the venerable oaks and weeping willows, that were contending with each other for the rivalship of solemnity. Every time the former moved their giant limbs, or the latter drooped their leafy plumage, my heart bounded to my mouth, and every instant I expected something supernatural to grasp at me. My eyes were for sometime irremoveably fixed on the windows, as the alarm proceeded from that quarter. The whole of what I saw and heard, brought to my mind some foolish stories my maid had entertained me with, when a child, of a haunted house. Groundless and ridiculous as those relations are, yet I could not help giving way to the shocking idea, and should really have been



been frightened into stupidity, had I not had weightier ills at that time to contend with. I was afraid to look round me, yet by an irresistible impulse, my head turned to take a view of the furniture, which I found to be extremely antient; and notwithstanding the palpatation that had seized me, I could not help admiring the partnership of nature and art, which had joined their forces together, to prove all around me the production of many centuries back. In short, every thing bore the aspect of venerable horror, and required the utmost fortitude to encounter its gloom.

I was almost lost in dread and amazement, when I entered the  
before-

before-mentioned woman. My heart leapt at her approach, and I flattered myself, though her air and manners were not very expressive of feminine softness, yet she might be moved by entreaties, when told the particulars of my situation. I immediately seized her hand imploring her protection, begging she would point out some method to relieve me from a person who had forcibly torn me from my friends, and from whose extraordinary behaviour, I must be apprehensive of the worst consequences.

Before she could make any reply, which I discovered from her looks would not have been the most pleasing,

ing, I saw, to my great astonishment, Mr. Norton enter. At first, I flattered myself, he, with the rest of my friends, had come in pursuit of me. Much as I had disliked him before, that thought almost gave me wings to fly to him for protection; and while my heart was fluttering with impatience, and just on the verge of expressing my gratitude for the obligations he laid me under, I discovered, by a small blue ribbon which was round his neck, and which I had observed peeping from under the collar of the mask which had accompanied me in the chaise, that he was the very person who had occasioned me so much pain. I was too soon confirmed in my opinion, by seeing him at my feet, imploring pardon for a project, which

love



love only, he said, could have been the prompter of. After some moments silence, for surprize, for a while, had rendered me speechless, I asked him how he could venture to take such a liberty with me, that an infant's sense would have pointed out the impossibility of its long remaining a secret, and that he ought to tremble at the resentment of my family. He answered, the action was unjustifiable, but hoped love would appear an advocate for him; that the anxiety his mind had laboured under, ever since he was informed I was to be married to another, had almost deprived him of reason; that in his frenzy, he saw no other method of preventing it, but the step he had taken, and that by so doing, he hoped to have an opportunity of  
making

making himself agreeable to me, as I had cruelly deprived him of that pleasing idea, by forbidding him my seat at the plain. I endeavoured by expostulation and soothing expressions, to prevail on him to grant me my liberty, but to no effect: he declared, it was his determined resolution not to part with me, 'till I was made his by every sacred tie; and added, he had taken such precaution, as would prevent it being suspected he had the least knowledge of me. He again threw himself at my feet, saying, dear lady Bettesworth, have some compassion on the man who adores and loves you beyond any other earthly being. My fortune is not, at present, contemptible, and will be much encreased in a few years. I swear by all the ties of honour,  
every

every moment of my future life, if you consent to be mine, shall be appropriated to make you happy. He talked in this strain for sometime; when he paused I pointed out to him, in the mildest manner I could, the impossibility there was of mutual bliss between us. In the first place, I said, he was not the person I could sincerely love as a husband; that I allowed his personal accomplishments and figure might be equal, or perhaps, superior to the object I might prefer, though I assured him, and with great veracity, that there was not a man in the universe, I wished to be married to.

Know, my dear, sometime before this, I saw in the English papers,  
that



that a captain Hastings, of the army, was married to a beautiful young lady of great fortune, and made no doubt but it was my dear Hastings.

I continued to point out to Mr. Norton, that the extensive part he had acted in all Sir Martin's debaucheries, must leave an eternal stain on my character, should I give the smallest encouragement to his visits; and that his depriving me of liberty could answer no purpose, but that of extending his crime.

Here I was interrupted by the before-mentioned lady, who announced breakfast was on the table. After the ceremony was over, which indeed was but a ceremony, as he seemed to have lost all appetite, as well as myself. I hesitated about getting into the chaise; when he told me, opposition would be of no avail, as he certainly would use force, if I did not quietly submit.

During our journey, my thoughts were employed in meditating how I could steal an escape; but he put out of my power to effect it,

it, by using every precaution to prevent my having the smallest chance of it. However, as distress is the prompter of invention, I soon fixed on a method which, in defiance of his sagacity, flattered me with success.

On our arrival at the place we were to dine, I desired to be left for a short time alone. He conducted me to a chamber, and withdrew. I eagerly embraced the few moments that were afforded me, and wrote a note with a pencil, on the back of a letter, which I fortunately had in my pocket, intending to put it into a box, with a guinea, requesting any person, into



whose hands that should fall, immediately to go to my friends at N——; and acquaint them, that Mr. Norton was the person who had forcibly seized and carried me off, and inform them of the place in which they found the box. This I did, in hopes of their being, by that means, able to trace the road he had taken, as I was quite a tyro to it myself.

I had hardly finished the scrawl, when Mr. Norton rapt at the door. I hurried it into the box, he entered, offered his hand to conduct me to dinner, which I reluctantly accepted of.

On

On our entering the dining room, he ordered the servants to withdraw, rather chusing himself to attend, than allow any one to be present. Finding myself thus situated, my tears began to flow. He pressed me to eat, and though I had taken no refreshment since being at lady C——'s, my endeavours for that purpose proved ineffectual, my appetite and spirits having taken flight together. I was near fainting, when he on a sudden starting up, walked with the greatest swiftness round the room, his hand one moment across his breast, the next, lifted up as if invoking heaven. In short, he seemed to have every passion contending in him: love, rage, and de-

spair were his themes. He swore the conflict was too much to suffer, that it should be immediately ended, either by my approbation, or the point of his sword. I was so terrified at those menaces, and the determined manner in which he uttered them, that I thought it best to give him delusive hopes. However ungenerous it may be thought in me, to give encouragement to a man I never meant to make happy; yet, dissimulation, on such an occasion, I thought justifiable, as it might procure me an opportunity of putting my scheme into execution.

I immediately expatiated on the impropriety of marrying a woman,  
who



who felt no tender sentiments in his favour, and how very necessary it was, if he really wished for my esteem, to endeavour to gain it by softer methods; that had I no objections to the proposals he made, yet delicacy, on my part, would require a little deliberation: that a precipitate consent to his request, would lessen me, even in the eyes of myself, and must be productive of the same effect in his, when passion would permit him to reason on it.

The smallest encouragement gives new life to despair: in an instant he was at my feet, his face brightened up with contentment, and he begged I would ratify the pleasing hope

K 4

which

which was rising in his bosom; by permitting him to print his gratitude on my hand. He kissed it, and vowed, from that time forward, to be indulgent to me in every wish of my heart, excepting in that particular of being restored to my friends, as no power on earth should compel him to that, unless I would promise to be his wife. The carriage was immediately ordered, and we proceeded on our journey. After complaining much of the heat, I requested the glasses might be let down. He consented, and with the greatest dexterity imaginable, and without being perceived by Mr. Norton, (who that moment seemed buried in thought) I compleated my contrivance, by dropping the box out of the window. It was fortunate

nate I did so, as that moment we quitted the road, and drove into a most enchanting wood, where Zephyrus was playing, extracting and spreading around with his wings, the balmy odours of the flowery creation.

The refreshing breeze inspired me with a kind of new existence, the remembrance of my captivity was for a while lost in reflecting on the verdure of the country, the variegated plumage, and soft delightful notes of the feathered songsters, which seemed to have collected themselves from every quarter of the globe, in order to contend with each other in beauty and melody, and while ranged along the spread-



ing sprays that had extended their arms to receive the harmonious throng, the air resounded with their pipes, and danced by the musical echo. Every branch also was made doubly charming, by its own lovely gaudy dress, and reminded me of the elegant tulip trees I had so often heard described by the inhabitants of warmer climates. Many other soothing, interesting objects of the groves, presented themselves; but I being, Julia, bad at description, shall leave your own imagination to form and embody them, while I tell you, I was awakened at last, from this pleasing reverie, by the thought of their freedom, which reminded me of the infringement of my own, and I relapsed into my former state.

And

And now, my dear, permit me to sooth on the sofa, if possible, a severe head ach, which has been calling for my attention for some-time, but which I endeavoured to divert with the story of the grove, but in vain.

*Munday Noon.*

[In Continuation.]

Mr. Norton, during our journey, expressed great concern at my want of rest. At ten o'clock that night, we arrived at a magnificent building,

ing, and were received and conducted into an elegant dining room, by a decent elderly woman, who then withdrew. As the table was laid, and every thing prepared, I concluded we had been expected. Mr. Norton left me for a short time, saying, as he went out, that Mrs. Keys should immediately attend to receive my orders; adding, that he hoped I would freely command every thing in his house, as that, and its master, was eternally devoted to my pleasure.

Mrs. Keys appeared, and conducted me to a chamber, where I found linen, and every other necessary provided for me. I was soon relieved from the incumbrance of dress, and the



the many ornaments I had on when at lady C——'s. At supper I strove to eat, but in vain. Nature was nearly exhausted by fatigue and want of rest, and I found myself exceedingly ill, and almost expiring. I was put to bed, and Mrs. Keys, who really was a good sort of woman, sat up by me. Mr. Norton sent frequently to know how I did. Great part of the night was passed in restless disquietude, but at last, nature's soft nurse lulled me in her downy pinions, and when I awoke (which was not for several hours) all symptoms of bodily indisposition had forsaken me.

Mr. Norton

Mr. Norton was quite transported at my recovery, and repeatedly assured me, the grave itself should not have parted us; that the instant respiration had ceased in me, he was determined to have closed his eyes in death. His words were accompanied by looks which plainly bespoke the affliction of his heart; and though honour, rectitude, and every other power claimed my aversion of him, yet I could not help commiserating, inwardly, what he suffered on my account: and the words, O! Love! (thou cruel foe to rest!) had a thousand times placed themselves quivering on the end of my tongue, ready to escape my lips, and I was obliged to call to my aid the just resentment of an offended woman, to repel the discovery  
of

of my compassion, when the recollection of former scenes banished the soft intruder.

For three weeks I assumed a serenity of appearance, and submitted with patience to the restraint imposed on me, not being allowed a moment to myself; and what was more disagreeable, obliged to hear his continual complaints of my indifference. However, to counter-balance this inconvenience, the execution of my scheme flattered me with daily expectations of my father's discovering the place of my confinement, and of course coming to my assistance.



One morning from the window, I saw Mr. Norton reading some letters in the garden. When we were at breakfast, he seemed very unhappy, and presently after repeated all his former arguments, in favour of my consenting to be his. He talked in a strain, that obliged me to declare, that it was my decisive resolution never to be united to him; that I was invincible, when once determined: that it was a folly to detain me, and that even the fears of death should not compel me to sacrifice my heart to him. He then left me, softened I thought, by the manner in which I spoke, and the languor which I felt, over-spread my face, and with great joy, I soon  
saw

saw the horses putting to, and shortly after was informed by James, that the carriage waited. Pleased with the happy sound, and winged by hope, I flew down stairs, and was handed in by Mr. Norton, who seated himself by me. He several times attempted to speak, but seemed to be repelled by sorrow. My spirits were quite exalted, at what I thought the happy change in my favour. He gazed incessantly on my face, his eyes glistened with affliction; I pitied what I thought he felt from remorse, and begged he would believe I sincerely forgave him; that I felt so much joy at being once more restored to liberty, he might depend on it, for my own sake, my father should not take notice of the part he had acted. O!  
lady

lady Bettesworth, (said he) do you think the man that adores you, and who has encountered such risques to obtain a blessing, would so easily resign it? I will not deceive you, it is not to the plain we are going, but to a place of greater security.

This sentence, Julia, convulsed me with fears, yet much as I dreaded provoking him to violence, I could not refrain exclaiming, cruel, barbarous man! He made no reply, but sat mute as death: during which, reflection whispered to me, that perhaps, I ought to rejoice, as most probable the sudden



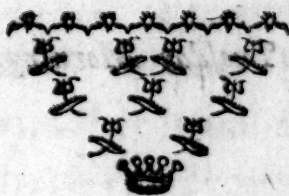
sudden removal might have taken its rise from his having been informed of my father's receiving my note.

We travelled all night through the woods, and next morning arrived at my prison, for I can give it no softer name; though to a tranquil mind it would have presented a thousand charms, as the owner had spared no expence or pains to render it agreeable.

Two days after our arrival at the forest (for so it was called) Mr. Norton being engaged in writing, I took the opportunity of walking in the  
the

the garden, in order to meditate on my situation. I had but just entered the alcove, when all on a sudden, I saw a little favourite dog of Mr. Norton's enter, and run under the state bed, with something black in his mouth. It occurred to me, that it might be a small black-bird, which I had observed the steward's son to have tied by the leg, just before, and at play with in the garden. Compassion prompted me to follow the dog, in order to extricate the little creature. I called Ruby, he immediately quitted his prey, and I found it to be, instead of the bird, a black pocket book, which I had often seen with his master. The hopes of some discovery, persuaded me to take a peep

a peep of what was deposited within, and I found the following letter, wrote by my detestable step-mother.



L. E. T.



LETTER XI.

*To the Honourable,*

GEORGE AUGUSTUS NORTON, *Esq;*

*Tuesday Morning, Funnel Wood.*

DEAR NORTON,

YOU cannot form an idea how  
much I exulted the morning  
after lady C——'s rout, when I  
found

found you had with so much success carried your scheme into execution, and how unconcerned I looked, when the old dotard, half distracted for the loss (as he termed it) of his favourite daughter, told me of it. I answered, it did not in the least surprise me; that I had often hinted to him, though out of his great wisdom, he did not choose to understand me, that lady Bettsworth was not so good as fame had reported, and that I had reason to suppose her absence proceeded from her own approbation. He seemed much exasperated at my insinuations.

Pray come to town and shew yourself, by that means you will avoid suspicion. The only pain I feel is, that  
you

you should prefer lady Bettsworth to myself. There was a time Norton, — but I will not reflect, I must submit. Had I not been a prodigal, and left you nothing to ask, perhaps, this would not have happened: however, it is some consolation to me, that I know lady Bettsworth despises you; she has often told me so: depend on it she never will be yours, without force; therefore, the sooner you use it the better, as I shall then be in hopes of having you entirely to myself, and the pleasure of seeing her a neglected woman, with the additional happiness of proving, that I am,

Your most affectionate,

ANN BEAUMONT.

P. S.



*Wednesday Noon.*

P. S. My dear Norton, all is betrayed. Lady Hill was here this morning, with a note from lady Bettsworth to her father, acquainting him, that it was you who had deprived her of liberty. One of lady Hill's tenants found it in a box, on the road. I have not time to tell you more than that you may expect your house will be surrounded, and every thing is to be feared from Sir John's resentment. Burn this, as you know the consequence, should our connections be discovered. Was it not extremely lucky, that I had not sent your valet off with this letter? if I had, it would not have been in my power to have apprized you of this unfortunate discovery. Remember my

VOL. I.

L

ad-

advice, seize the present moment, and believe me always

Your friend.

The shock, Julia, this wicked letter gave me, is not to be described. I felt more on my dear father's being so cruelly deceived, than for the wickedness she had practised on myself. My very flesh trembled with horror, I almost doubted my senses, and could hardly believe nature could have framed so artful and wicked a wretch.

I put this proof of her infamy into my pocket, and immediately quitted the alcove to avoid suspicion; as I concluded an enquiry would soon be made. I carelessly scattered some of the papers on the ground, leaving the pocket-book in a different part of the garden,

garden, and hurried to my chamber, from whence I saw Mr. Norton enter one of the walks, and heard him say to one of the servants, he had found it. Betty told me the next morning, she believed her master had dropped something in the garden of consequence, as he promised two guineas to any person, who should find a paper there, and restore it to him.

I will not, Julia, dwell any longer on the disagreeable time I continued at the forest, as you may suppose every day presented a repetition of the former scene, which, in a few words, was this, *He* one moment threatening, the next soothing; and *I* inflexible, never to be his. I will therefore conclude it, by informing you,



one evening, about eleven, after I had retired to my room, and taken a book, in order to lull my reflections, I heard a loud confusion of voices, and the discharge of pistols, which terrified me to such a degree, that I sunk motionless on a sofa, where I was sitting. On my recovery, I found myself clasped in the arms of my dear father. The surprize was too much for me; I again fainted, but as it was occasioned by joy, its influence was less severe. When I was a little composed, we quitted the house.

During our journey, which was four days, occasioned by my being weak, I learnt, that my father had been fully acquainted with my mother's wickedness, by a female domestic, who, having a sincere attach-

attachment for my own mother's children, had made it her business, on over-hearing a conversation between her mistress, and Mr. Norton's valet, who was her relation, to wheedle the secret from him.

Mr. Norton, on my father's entering the house, flew to his pistols, which he discharged; but finding he would be overpowered, made his escape; and, as I have since been informed, got safe to France, where he for sometime led a most dissipated life. A farther result of his adventures I am unacquainted with, nor is it essential I should know.

A fortnight after my return, my dear parent died, it was reported of a fever, but I cannot help thinking the appellation of a broken heart would have been more just,

as he declined from the first moment of his conviction of my mother's treachery, and seemed highly sensible of the imprudent part he had acted, in preventing my first affections taking place, and in having compelled me to yield myself a prey to her artifice.

For two or three days before his death, he frequently requested me not to leave his bedside. This request was needless, as I really was rivetted there through love, duty and inclination. My dearest father often, during that interval, pressed my hand to his cold bosom, with looks of paternal tenderness, and made several efforts to speak, what at the same time he seemed to suppress.

The morning which robbed me of his precious life, he, with a  
falter-



faltering voice, exclaimed! My poor, my sacrificed Cassandra, may that all merciful God, who knows the repentance of my soul, soften all your future days, and reward you for those cruelties your father so inhumanely inflicted on you.

Alas, Julia, his words, accompanied by that awful tyrant Death, whom I saw fast advancing with cruel intent to dissolve those ties so dear to nature, paternal and filial affection, convulsed my very soul.

When I could command my grief, I begged he would be composed; and believe that it would always be a pleasing reflection to me, my having had it in my power to prove my duty to the best of fathers.

At the conclusion of those words, I perceived his eyes were closing

for the grave. I could support myself no longer, but sunk lifeless by his side. The few moments of insensibility were heaven to me; for O! my friend, when I awaked, it was in the cold icy arms of Death I was claspt: my dear, my honoured, my much loved parent was a lifeless form, and I inclosed within his gripe. Frank, Matilda, and Nancy were kneeling by the bedside, drowned in sorrow, and crying to the great disposer of all things to restore to them their dear father. This sight augmented the thousand wounds I had before in my heart, while the wretch, who was the instrument of his dissolution was lolling carelessly on a sofa in the same room, unmelted by their complaint, and unmoved

moved by a scene so tender and shocking. Alas! no distress I had ever experienced, could parallel what I then felt. To have saved his dearer life, I would have passed mine in slavery, welcomed chains, and smiled at every woe.

At the time of my father's indisposition, we were acquainted with his having made a will. A day or two before his death, he often requested my mother to give him a small trunk she then had in her possession, but which she artfully evaded, by the following disssembled appearance of tenderness.—“Excuse me, my dear, you are too weak at present to peruse scenes of so distressing a nature. To-morrow you shall have it.” To-morrow, and to-morrow came, but alas, Julia, he was no more; and we  
then



then found the casket contained a testament, which she, in his fond moments, had prevailed on him to make, in favour of her, and her daughter. The morning my father died, he sent for his lawyer, intending, it is supposed, to cancel that and do his children justice; but he came too late. The evening he was interred, the production of her art was presented to us for our perusal. We found in it, that though my father's fortune was then considerable, yet she had diminished it much by her extravagance, and had totally alienated his affections from my dear Nancy and Frank, and persuaded him, that five hundred pounds would be a sufficient portion for the first, and two hundred more to purchase my brother an ensigncy was all that was necessary.

necessary. My eldest sister and self were to be contented with mourning and a ring. The reason specified in the will for this inequality was, that we had before been provided for. Indeed, there was no room for complaint on our side, having, on the day of marriage, received five thousand pounds each, but my dear brother and Nancy had high cause to be dissatisfied, had they been of years to have reflected on the cruelty of such an act; but their young hearts were insensible to every other misfortune but that of parting with a parent they dutifully loved.

Is it not amazing, Julia, that a man of sense, which my dear parent was in every other respect but in his attachment to that worst of women, could be led into a conduct so barbarous

barous and inconsistent with that affection he had, so many years, justly felt for my dear deceased mother? But what is it a wicked woman cannot accomplish? Yes, she can destroy even mutual love itself.

I determined, as soon as I could settle my affairs, to quit a part of the world which, from my earliest infancy, had presented nothing but anguish and disappointments to me. In two months after my father's death, Nancy, my brother, and self, embarked for England. Having no children of my own, I was happy to give them all my attention. On my arrival, I purchased a commission for Frank, and he is now a captain in the army. I was determined, as much as possible, not to let money be an obstacle to his preferment, and it

cannot



cannot be any to him in future, as my uncle's fortune has devolved to him by his death, and I am happy to find my dear brother is esteemed a good officer, and beloved by all who have any connection with him. Nancy is married to a Mr. Belford, a gentleman of large estate in the north. Her small pittance proved no disadvantage to her. He is, what the world would call, too far advanced in life to be a suitable match for so young a woman; but Nancy has often declared to me, that he, of all others, seemed to be the man most formed to her taste. They are at present exceedingly affectionate to each other, and I make no doubt of its stability, as their love was founded on mature deliberation. He lived in the same family with her when in France,

France, and has, from her childhood, watched her growing beauties and accomplishments. My mother's easy temper, goodness of heart, with her every other virtue, centre in my amiable sister. Her happiness, and that of my brother, with the additional felicity I had just received, by hearing from Matilda that her husband and children were well, and she perfectly recovered from the decline which it was feared she was going into, left me hardly another wish.

As my dear Hastings being another's, forbade the fond hope of his ever being mine, I determined to end my days, if possible, in calm tranquillity, and to seek for happiness in a peaceful retirement. A fortune of ten thousand pounds, which Sir Martin's parents generously gave me,  
after

after his death, with many other proofs of their esteem, and a large annuity which devolved to me on the death of a relation, put it in my power to chuse my habitation; I purchased my present seat in Kent, where I have resided only the short space of four months. The situation, as your brother justly observes, is exceedingly charming. My nearest neighbour is at the distance of two miles: this makes it the more agreeable, as my greatest wish is, to indulge the pleasure of sorrow for the death of my much-lamented parent.

“ There is oft found an avarice in grief,  
“ And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze  
“ Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes.”

I feel also a pleasing satisfaction in tasting again, in idea, the many happy hours I have, in the early dawn of life, passed with captain Hastings.



ings. Knowing him to be another's, I declare to you, I have not the smallest wish for him ever to be mine; yet I cannot forget him; his image will intrude in spite of myself; I shall love him as long as I shall love my Julia, and that will be as long as there is life in

C. BETTESWORTH.

P. S. You are now, my dear, acquainted even with my thoughts of this moment, and I have minutely related every incident that comes within reach of my memory: pray heaven future events may be of a softer nature, and we near enough for a verbal communication of them! Don't forget to tell your uncle, brother, and aunt, how much I esteem them, and how many wishes I breathe for their happiness. Assure the two latter, I wish them an agreeable tour, health, and safe return to dear Old England.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



M

